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THE
MISERIES
OF
INFORST
MARRIAGE.

Playd by his Majesties Servants.

Qui alios (seipsum) docet.

By GEORGE WILKINS.



LONDON,

Printed by I. N. for Richard Thrale, and are to be sold at his
Shop at Pauls gate ; next to Cheape-side.

M. DC. XXXVII.

THE

AMERICAN

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May, 1873

GEORGE WILKINS

label

THE MISERIES OF
INFORST MARRIAGE.

ACTVS I.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. **B**Ut Franke, Franke, now we are come to the house,
What shall we make to be our businesse?

Ilford Tut, let us be impudent enough, and good enough.

Went. We have no acquaintance here but young *Scarborow*.

Ilf. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company.
I tell thee, *Wentloe*, thou art not worthy to weare guilt Spurres,
cleane Linnen, nor good Clothes.

Went. Why, for Gods sake?

Ilf. By this hand, thou art not a man fit to table at an ordinary,
keepe Knights company to bawdy houses, nor beggar thy Tailor.

Went. Why then I am free from cheaters, cleare from the pox,
and escape curses.

Ilf. Why, dost thou thinke there is any Christians in the world?

Went. I, and Jewes too; Brokers, Puritans, Serjeants.

Ilf. Or dost thou meane to beg after Charitie, that goes in a
cold sute already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here.
I tell thee, *Wentloe*, thou canst not live on this side of the world,
feed well, drinke Tobacco, and be honoured into the presence, but
thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men; I, and so farre in
too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accounted a Gallant of good
credite.

Enter Clowne.

Ilf. But stay, here is a Scrape-trencher arrived: How now Blew-
bottle, are you of the house?

Clow. I have heard of many Blacke-Iackes Sir; but never of a
Blew, bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the house?

Clow. No Sir, I am twenty yards without, and the house stands
without mee.

Bart. Prethee tels, who owes this building?

Clow. He that dwels in it, Sir.

Ilf. Who dwels in it then?

Clow. He that owes it.

Ilf. What's his name?

Clow. I was none of his Godfather.

Ilf. Does Master *Scarborow* lie here?

Clow. Ile give you a Rime for that Sir :

Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their graves ;

Few else doe lie abed at noone, but drunkards, punks, and knaves.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

Ilf. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborow.

Went. Sblood, this is a Philosophicall Foole.

Clow. Then I that am a Foole by Art, am better than you, that are Fooles by Nature. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkeshire.

Ilf. And well incountred my little villaine of fiftene hundred a yeare. Sfoot, what makest thou here in this barren soyle of the North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scar. Faith Gallants, tis the Country where my Father lived, where first I saw the light, and where I am loved.

Ilf. Lov'd, I as Courtiers love Vsurers; and that is just as long as they lend them money. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land (good Knight) for that is layd to mortgage already.

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me up.

Went. Who list to have a lubberly load. *Sings this.*

Ilf. Sirrah Wag, this Rogue was son and heire to *Antony Nonnow*, and blind *Moone* : And he must needs be a scurvy Musician, that hath two fiders to his fathers. But tel me in faith art thou not; nay I know thou art cald downe into the Countrey here, by some hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a yong Gentleman of good parts, and a great Living, hath desired thee to see some pitifull piece of his workmanship, a Daughter I meane; Ist not so?

Scar. About such preferment I came downe.

Ilf. Preferment? a good word : And when doe you commence into the Cuckolds order, the preferment you speake of? When shall we have Gloves, when, when?

Scar. Faith Gallants, I have bin guest here but since last night.

Ilf. Why, and that is time enough to make up a dozen Marriages,

ges, as Marriages are made up now adayes: For looke you sir; the Father (according to the fashion) being sure you have a good Living, and without encumbrance, comes to you thus: — takes you by the hand thus: — wipes his long Beard thus: — or, turnes up his Mustacho thus: — VValkes some turne or two thus: — to shew his comely gravitie thus: — And having washt his foule mouth thus: — at last breaks out thus: —

Went. O good: let us heare more of this.

Ilf. Master *Scarborow*, you are a young Gentleman, I knew your Father well; he was my worshipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay neere together. Then Sir, — you and I must be of more neere acquaintance. — At which you must make an eruption thus: — O God (sweet Sir,)

Bart. Sfoot, the Knight would have made an excellent *Zany* in an Italian Comedie.

Ilf. Then he goes forward, thus: Sir, my selfe am Lord of some Thousand a yeare, a VViddower, (Master *Scarborow*) I have a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters: a thousand a yeare will do well, divided among them. Ha, wilt not Master *Scarborow*? At which you out of your education must reply thus: — The Portion will deserve them worthy Husbands: On which tunder hee soone takes fire, and sweares you are the Man his hopes have shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, should he sweare himselfe to the Devill, I would make him forsworne.

Ilf. Then putting you, and the young *Pugges* into a close roome together,

Went. Sfoot, if hee should lie with her there, is not the father partly the Bawd?

Ilf. VVhere the young Puppert, having her lesson before from the old foxe, gives thee some halfe a dozen warme kisses; which after her fathers oaths, takes such impresson in thee, thou straight calst By Iesu Mistris, I love you: — VVhen she has the wit straight to aske, but Sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy Cock-sparrow humor repliest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I: which the father over-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, sweares he is glad to see this; nay, he will have you contracted straight, and for a need makes the Priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quiet life,

Th'art sworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they love one another so soone?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter now a dayes for love; tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Went. But will your father doe this too, if he know the gallant breathes himselfe at some two or three Bawdy houses in a morning?

Ilf. Oh the sooner; for that and the land together the old lad — he will know the better how to deale with his daughter.

The wise and ancient Fathers know this rule,

Should both wed Maids, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further than into the Ordinarie fashion, meet, see, and kisse, give over: Marry not a Wife to have a hundred plagues for one pleasure: lets to London, there's varietie, and change of Pasture makes fat Calves.

Scar. But change of women, bald Knaves, Sir Knight.

Ilf. Wag, and thou beest a Lover but three dayes, thou wilt be heartlesse, sleeplese, witlese, mad, wretched, miserable; and indeed a starke foole: And by that thou hast bin married but three weeks, tho thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wouldst be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bart. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Ilf. Why, because a man is made a Beast by being married. Take but example thy selfe from the Moone, as soone as she is delivered of her great belly, doth she not point at the world with a paire of hornes, as who should say, Married men ye are Cuckolds?

Scar. I conster more divinely of their sexe.

Being Mayds, we thinke they are Angels: and being Wives,

They are Soveraignes, Cordials that preserve our lives.

They are like our hands that feed us, this is cleare:

They renew man, as Spring renewes the yeare.

Ilf. There's nere a wanton wench that heares thee, but thinks thee a coxcombe for saying so; Marry none of them: if thou wilt have their true Characters, Ile give it thee. — Women are the Purgatorie of mens Purses, the Paradise of their bodies, and the Hell of their minds; marry none of them. Women, are in Churches Saints, abroad Angels; but at home, Devils.

Here are married men enough know this: marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit

Onely in speaking ill, and practise it :
Against the best of Creatures, divine Women,
Who are Gods Agents here, and the heavenly Eye,
By which this Orbe hath her maturitie :
Beautie in women, get the World with child ;
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilde.
These are the Stemmes on which doe Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is stild, and Arts doe flow.

Enter Sir John Harcop, and his daughter Clare.

Ilf Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I will plucken none of them, for pricking my fingers. But soft, here comes a Voyder for us: & I see, do what I can, as long as the world lastes, there will be Cuckolds in it. Doe you heare child, here's one come to blend you together: he hath brought you a Kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands.

*Tho thou hast Argus eyes, be sure of this,
Women have sworne, with more than one to kisse.*

Har. Nay, no parting Gentlemen: *Hem.*

Went. Sfoot, dus he make Puncks of us, that he Hems already?

Har. Gallants,

Know old *John Harcop* keeps a Wine-seller,
Has traveld, beene at Court, knowne fashions,
And unto all beares habite like your selves:
The shapes of Gentlemen, and men of sort:
I have a health to give them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards give their Healthes, I hope;
to goe together by the eares when they have done?

Har. My Healthes are, Welcome: Welcome Gentlemen.

Ilf. Are we welcome (Knight) in faith?

Har. Welcome in faith, Sir.

Ilf. Prethee tell me, hast not beene a Whoremaster?

Har. In youth I swild my fill at *Venus* cup,
In stead of full draughts, now I am faine to sup.

Ilf. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:
Doeft thou heare he is a good fellow of our stampe?
Make much of his Father.

Exeunt.

Manet Scarborow & Clare.

Scar. The Father and the Gallants have left me here with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her, I am a villen; heaven grant her

her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sexe, but to speake to me first: for by this hand, I have not so much steele of immodesty in my face, to parle to a wench without blushing. He walke by her, in hope she can open her teeth. — Not a word? — Is it not strange, a man should be in a womans companie all this while, and not heare her tongue? — He goe further. — God of his goodnesse: not a Syllable? I thinke if I should take up her cloathes too, she would say nothing to me. — VVith what words tro, does a man begin to wooe? Gentlewoman, pray you what ist a clocke?

Clare. Troth Sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I answere you: I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell (Beautie) I take the addage of my reply: You are naught to keepe sheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my selfe.

Scar. Prethee tell me, Are you not a woman?

Clare. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scar. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To distinguish betweene himselfe and my selfe.

Scar. VVhy I ama man.

Clar. That's more than I know, Sir.

Scar. To approve I am no lesse; thus I kisse thee.

Clar. And by that prooffe, I am a man too; for I have kist you.

Scar. Prethee tell mee, can you love?

Clar. O Lord Sir, three or foure things, I love my Meate, choise of Suters, Cloathes in the fashion: and like a right woman, I love to have my will.

Scar. VVhat thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me know what you thinke of me for a wife?

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Doe you but thinke so?

Scar. Nay I see you are a very proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pitie then, I should be alone without a proper man.

Scar. Your Father sayes, that I shall marry you.

Clar. And I say, God forbid Sir: Alas I am a great deale too young.

Scar. I love thee by my troth.

Clar. O pray you do not so; for then you stray from the steps of Gentility: the fashion among them is, to marry first, & love after by leasure.

Scar. That I doe love thee, here by heaven I sweare,
And call it as a witnesse to this kisse.

Clar. You

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Clar. You will not inforce me, I hope Sir ?

Scar. Make me this womans Husband ; thou art my *Clare* :
Accept my heart, and prove as chaste, as faire.

Clar. O God ! you are too hot in your gifts: should I accept them now, we should have you pleade *nonage*, some halfe a yeare hence : sue for reversment, and say, the deed was done under age.

Scar. Prethee doe not jest.

Cl. No (God is my record) I speake in earnest, & desire to know, Whether ye meane to marry me yea or no ?

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.

Clar. Forbetter, for worse ?

Scar. I, till death us depart, love.

Clar. Why then I thanke you Sir ; and now I am like to have that I long lookt for, A Husband.

How soone from our owne tongues is the word sed,
Captives our Mayden-freedom to a Head.

Scar. *Clare*, you are now mine, and I must let you know
What every wife doth to her husband owe:
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate.

Not to a youthfull course, wilde, and unsteady ;
But to the soule of Vertue, Obedience,
Studying to please, and never to offend.

Wives have two eyes created, not like Birds,
To roame about at pleasure, but for two Sentinels,
To watch their Husbands safetic as their owne.

Two hands ; the one's to feede him, the other her selfe :
Two feet ; and one of them is their husbands :

They have two of every thing ; onely of one,
Their Chastitie, that should be his alone.

Their very thoughts they cannot tearme their owne.

Mayds being once made wives, can nothing call
Rightly their owne ; they are their husbands all.

If such a Wife you can prepare to be,

Clare, I am yours ; and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a dutie, so doe men.

Men must be like the Branch, and Barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age :

Or as Ewes love unto their Eanlings lives ;
Such should be husbands custome to their wives.
If it appeare to them they have strayed amisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kisse ;
Or Clocke them as Hennes Chickens with kind call ;
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all :
No jarres must maketwo Beds, no strife divide them ;
Those betwixt whoma faith and troth is given ;
Death onely parts, since they are knit by Heaven :
If such a Husband you intend to be,
I am your *Clare*, and you are fit for me.

Scar. By Heaven.

Clare. Advise before you sweare, let me remember you ;
Men never give their Faith, and promise marriage,
But Heaven records their Oath if they proove true,
Heaven smiles for joy ; if not, it weepes for you :
Vnlesse your heart then with your words agree,
Yet let us part, and let us both be free.

Scar. If ever man in swearing love, swore true,
My words are like to his. Here comes your father.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butlers.

Har. Now Master *Scarborow*.

Scar. Prepar'd to aske, how you like that we have done,
Your Daughter's made my Wife, and I your Sonne.

Har. And both agreed so ?

Both. We are, Sir.

Har. Then long may you live together, have store of Sonnes.

Ilf. Tis no matter who is the Father.

Har. But Sonne, here is a man of yours is come from London.

But. And brought you letters, Sir.

Scar. VVhat newes from London, *Butler* ?

But. The old newes, Sir, the Ordinaries are full of Cheaters, Some
Citizens are Bankerouts, and many Gentlemen Beggars.

Scar. *Clare*, here is an unwelcome Pursivant,
My Lord and Guardian writes to me, with speed.
I must returne to London.

Har. And you being VVard to him (sonne *Scarborow*)
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.

Scar. It does, it does ; for by an ancient Law,

VVe are borne free Heires, but kept like Slaves in awe.

VWho are for London, Gallants ?

Ilf. Switch and Spurre, we will beare you company.

Scar. *Clare*, I must leave thee, with what unwillingnesse,

VVitnesse this dwelling kisse upon thy lip,

And though I must be absent from thine eye,

Be sure my heart doth in thy bosome lie.

Three yeares I am yet a VVard, which time Ile passe,

Making thy faith my constant Looking-glasse,

Till when.

Clar. Till when you please, where ere you live or die,

Your love's here worne, your presence in mine eie.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and Sir William Scarborough.

Hunsd. Sir *William*,

How old say you, is your kinsman *Scarborow* ?

Willi. Eighteene my Lord, next Pentecost.

Lord. Bethinke you good Sir *William*,

I reckon thereabout my selfe; so by that accompt,

There's full three VVinters yet he must attend,

Vnder our awe, before he sue his Liverie:

Ist not so ?

Willi. Not a day lesse, my Lord.

Lor. Sir *William*, you are his uncle, and I must speake

That am his Guardian: Would I had a sonne

Might merit commendations equall with him

Ile tell you what he is; he is a youth,

A Noble Branch, increasing blessed fruit,

Where Caterpillar Vice dare not to touch:

He is himselfe with so much gravitie,

Praise cannot praise him with *Hyperbole*:

He is one, whom older looke upon, as on a booke,

Wherein are printed noble Sentences

For them to rule their lives by. Indeed he is one

All emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Will. His friends are proud to heare this good of him,

Lord. And yet Sir *William*, being as he is,

Young and unsetled, tho of vertuous thoughts,

By *Genuine* disposition, yet our eyes

See daily Presidents, hopefull Gentlemen,

Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Divert the good is lookt from them, to ill :
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note :
Such company they keepe, such Revelling
With Pandars, Parasites, prodigies of Knaves,
That they sell all, even their old fathers graves :
Which to prevent, weele match him to a wife ;
Marriage restraines the scope of single life.

Will. My Lord speaks like a father for my Kinsman.

Lor. And I have found him one of Noble parentage,
A neece of mine ; nay, I have broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure,
As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleas'd of all that's hers, to make him King.

Will. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also I have appointed Doctor *Baxter*,
Chancellor of Oxford, to attend me here :
And see, he is come. Good Master Doctor.

Baxt. My honourable Lord.

Willi. I have posselt you with this businesse, master Doctor.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt your honoured Neece,
and master *Scarborow*.

Lord. Tis so, and I did looke for him by this.

Bax. I saw him leave his horse, as I came up.

Lord. So, so,

Then he will be here forthwith : you master *Baxter*,
Goe Vther hither straight young *Katherine* ;
Sir *William* here, and I, will keepe this roome till you returne.

Scar. My honoured Lord.

Enter Scarborow.

Lord. Tis well done *Scarborow*.

Scar. Kind Vncle.

Willi. Thankes my good Couz.

Lord. You have beene welcome in your Countrey, Yorkshire.

Scar. The time that I spent there my Lord, was merrie.

Lord. Twas well, twas very well ; and in your absence,
Your Vnckle here, and I, have beene bethinking
What gift betwixt us we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignitie might bring,

With

With faire increase, as from a Crystall spring.

Enter Doctor, and Katharine.

Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands have beene to me like Bounties purse,
Never shut up; your selfe my Foster-Nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, prove me so rude
But Ile accept to shun Ingratitude.

Lor. We accept thy promise, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kisse.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lor. Feare not to take her man, she will feare neither,
Doe what thou canst, being both abed together.

Scar. O but my Lord.

Lord. But me? Dog of wax; come kisse and agree,
Your friends have thought of it, and it must be.

Scar. I have no hands to take her to my wife.

Lor. How Sawce-box?

Scar. O pardon me my Lord, the unripenes of my yeares,
Too greene for governement, is old in feares
To undertake that charge.

Lor. Sir, sir, I and sir knave, then here is a mellowed experience
knowes how to teach you.

Scar. O God.

Lord. O Jacke,

Have both our cares, your Vnckle, and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maide, a Neece of mine, both faire and chaste;
And must we stand at your discretion?

Scar. O good my Lord,
Had I two soules, then might I have two wives:
Had I two Faiths, then had I one for her:
Having of both but one, that one is given
To Sir *John Harcops* daughter:

Lord. Ha, ha, what's that; let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir *John Harcops*, *Clare*, I have made an Oath:
Part me in twaine, she hath one halfe of both:
This hand the which I weare, it is halfe hers:
Such power hath Faith and Troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot, tide with the Tongue.

Lord. And have you knit that knot, Sir?

Scar. I have done so much; that if I wed not her,
My Marriage makes me an Adulterer:

In which blacke sheetes I wallow all my life,
My Babes being Bastards, and a Whore my Wife.

Lord. Ha, ist even so? My Secretarie there,
Write me a Letter straight to Sir *John Harcop*,
He see (*Sir Iacke*) and if that *Harcop* dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his Daughter.

Enter Secretary.

My Steward too, post you to *Yorke*shire,

Exit Secret.

Where lyes my youngsters Land: and sirrah,

Enter Steward.

Fell me his Wood, make havocke, spoile and waste.

Exit Steward.

Sir, you shall know that you are Ward to me,

Ile make you poore enough; then mende your selfe.

Will. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vnckle.

Lord. Contract your selfe, and where you list?

Ile make you know me Sir, to be your Guard.

Scar. World, now thou seeft what tis to be a ward,

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to have disburst

Foure thousand pound, upon this Marriage,

Surrendred up your Land to your owne use,

And compast other Portions to your hands,

Sir, Ile now yoke you still.

Scar. A yoke indeed.

Hunf. And spight of they dare contradict my will,

Ile make thee marry to my Chamber-maide. Come Couz.

Exit.

Bax. Faith Sir, it fits you to be more advis'd.

Scar. Doe not you flatter for preferment, Sir.

Will. O, but good Coze.

Scar. O, but good Vnckle, could I command my Love,

Or cancell oathes out of heavens brazen booke,

Ingroft by Gods owne finger, then you might speake.

Had men that law to love, as most have tongues

To love a thousand women with, then you might speake.

Were Love like Dust, lawfull for every Wind,

To beare from place to place: were Oathes but puffes,

Men might forswear themselves; but I doe know,

Tho sinne being past with us, the act's forgot,

The poore Soule grones, and she forgets it not.

Will. Yet heare your owne case?

Scar. O, tis too miserable:

That I (a Gentleman) should be thus torne
From mine owne right, and forst to be forsworne.

Will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salve it with advice, not with dispaire,
You are his Ward, being so, the Law intends,
He is to have your dutie, and in his rule
Is both your Marriage, and your Heritage:
If you rebell against these Injunctions,
The penaltie takes hold on you; which for himselfe,
He straight thus profecutes, he wastes your Land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit: but if your selfe,
Have of some violent humour matcht your selfe
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To merce your Purse, and in a summe so great,
That shall for ever keepe your fortunes weake;
Where otherwise, if you be rul'd by him,
Your house is rais'd by matching to his kinne.

Enter Paulconbridge.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a Jack: he wed
himselſe, and where he list: Sirrah Malapert, Ile hamper you;
You that will have your will, come get you in:
Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wish thy birth had beene thy murtherer.

Scar. Fate pitie mee, because I am inforst;
For I have heard, those matches have cost blood,
Where love is once begunne, and then withstood.

Exeunt.

ACTVS II.

Enter Ilford, and a Page with him.

Ilf. Boy, hast thou delivered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips ont.

Ilf. He had not a new sute on, had he?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir; but I
saw a leane fellow, with funke eyes, & shamble legges, sigh pitifully at
his chamber-doore, & intreat his man to put his Master in mind of him.
Ilf. O, that was his Taylor; I see now he wil be blest, he profits by my coun-
sell: he will pay no debts before he be arrested, nor thē neither, if he can
find ere a beast that dare but be bayle for him. But he will scale i'th af-
ternoone?

Boy.

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

Ilf. Good, good; now have I a Parsons Nose, and smell tythe coming in then. Now let me number how many Rooks I have halfe undone already this Tearme by the first Returne: foure by Dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by Queanes; of which some be Courtiers, some Country-Gentlemen, and some Citizens sonnes. Thou art a good Franke, if thou pergest thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, mayst keepe a Catamite, take Physicke at the Spring, & the fall.

Enter Wentloe.

Went. Franke, Newes that will make thee fat, Franke.

Ilf. Prethee rather give me somewhat will keepe me leane; I have no minde yet to take Physicke.

Went. Maister *Scarborow* is married, man.

Ilf. Then Heaven grant he may (as few married men doe) make much of his Wife.

Went. Why, wouldst have him love her; let her command all, and make her his Master?

Ilf. No no; they that doe so, make not much of their V Vives, But give them their will, and that's marring of'em.

Enter Bartley.

Bart. Honest Franke, valourous Franke, a portion of thy wit, but to helpe us in this enterprise, and we may walke London streets, and cry, Pish at the Sergeants.

Ilf. You may shift out one Tearme, and yet die in the Counter: These are the Scabs now, that hang upon honest Job:

I am Job, and these are the scurvy Scabs:

But what's this your Pot seethes over withall?

Bart. Master *Scarborow* is married,

Went. He has all his Land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers, and sisters Portions.

Went. Besides foure thousand pound in ready money with his wife.

Ilf. A good Talent by my faith, it might helpe many Gentlemen to pay their Taylors; and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honest Franke, hast thou found a tricke for him? if thou hast not, looke, here's a line to direct thee. First draw him into Bands for Money, then to Dice for it: Then take-up Stuffe at the Mercers, straight to a Puncke with it: then mortgage his Land, and be drunke with that: so with them, and the rest, from an ancient Gentleman, make him a young Beggar.

Ilf. What a Rogue is this, to read a Lecture to me, and mine owne Lesson

Lesson too, which he knowes I have made perfect to nine hundred fourescore and nineteene: A cheating Rascall, will teach me, I that ha made them that have worne a spacious Parke, Lodge and all, on their backs this morning, beene faine to pawne it afore night: and they that ha stawked like a huge Elephant, with a Castle on their neckes; and remooved that to their owne shoulders in one day, which their Fathers built up in seaven yeare, bin glad by my meanes, in so much time as a child sucks, to drinke Bottle-ale, tho a Punke pay fort. And shall this Parrat instruct me?

Went. Nay, but *Francke*.

Ilf. A Rogue that hath fed upon me, and the fruit of my wit, like Pullen from a Pantlers Chippings, and now I have put him into good clothes, to shift two futes in a day, that could scarce shift a patcht shirt once in a yeare, and sayes prayers when he had it: Harke how he prates.

Went. Besides (*Francke*) since his Marriage, he stawkes me like a cashierd Captaine discontent; in which Melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an Ocean, will make him, and all his, ours for ever.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Rogue so, give me thy hand then, weele doot, and there's earnest. *Strike him*, Sfut you Chittiface, that looks worse than a Collier through a wooden window, an Ape afeard of a whip, or a Knaves head shooke seaven yeares in the weather upon London bridge. Doe you Catechize me?

Went. Nay, but valourous *Francke*, he that knowes the secrets of all hearts, knowes I did it in kindnesse.

Ilf. Know your seasons: besides, I am not of that Species for you to instruct. Then know your seasons.

Bart. Sfoot friends, friends, all friends: here comes young *Scarborow*, should he know of this, all our dissignes were prevented.

Enter Scarborow.

Ilf. VVhat, Melancholy my young Maister, my young married man: God give your worship joy.

Scar. Joy, of what *Francke*?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare but few that ha joy of their wives.

Scar. Who weds as I have, to enforced sheets, His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou having so much wit, what a Devill meantst thou to marry?

Scar. O speake not of it;
Marriage sounds in my care like to a Bell,

Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

If. A common course, those men that are married in the Morning,
to wish themselves buried ere night,

Scar. I cannot love her.

If. No newes neither, Wives know that's a generall fault amongst
their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not lie with her.

If. *Cætera volunt*, sheele say still, If you will not, another will.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not love her?

If. As other women doe, either to be maintained by you, or to
make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.

Clow. As men doe in hast, to make an end of their businesse.

If. What's your businesse?

Clow. My businesse is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

If. The meaning of all this Sir.

Clow. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Master hath sent unto
you. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Master has him humbly
commended unto you; and by this, is as much as to say, my Master
craves your answer. (Sir.

If. Give me your Letter: And you shall have this Sir, this Sir, and this

Clow. No Sir.

If. Why Sir?

Clow. Because as the learned have very well instructed me, *Qui su-*
prà nos, nihil ad nos, and tho many Gentlemen will have to doe with
other mens businesse; yet from me know, the most part of them
proove Knaves for their labour.

Went. You ha the Knave yfaith, *Francke.*

Clow. Long may he live to enjoy it. From Sir *John Harcop* of *Har-*
cop, in the Countie of *Yorke* Knight, by me his Man, to your selfe my
young Master, by these presents greeting.

If. How cam'st thou by these good words?

Clow. As you by your good cloathes; tooke them upon trust,
And swore, I would never pay for'em.

Scar. Thy Maister *Sir John Harcop* writes to me,
That I should entertaine thee for my Man.

His wish is acceptable: thou art welcome fellow.

Oh, but thy Masters daughter sends an Article,
Which makes me thinke upon my present sinne;

Here she remembers me, to keepe in minde

My promis'd Faith to her; which I ha broke:

Here she remembers me I am a Man;

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Blackt ore with Perjurie : whose sinfull breast,
Is charectred like those, curst of the blest.

Ilf. How now my young Bully, like a young Wench,
Fourty weekes after the losse of her Mayden-head, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not,
Give me Pen, Incke, and Paper, I will write to her.
O ! but what shall I write ?
Mine owne excuse ; why no excuse can serve
For him that sweares, and from his Oath doth swarve ?
Or shall I say, my Marriage was inforst ?
Twas bad in them, not well in me, to yeeld :
Wretched they two, whose Marriage was compeld :
Ile onely write that which my griefe hath bred ;
Forgive me *Clare*, for I am married :
Tis soone set downe, but not so soone forgot, or worne from hence
Deliver it unto her ; there's for thy paines :
Would I as soone could cleanse these perjur'd staines.

Clow. Well , I could alter mine eyes from filthy mud, into faire
water : you have payd for my teares, and mine eyes shall proove
banckrouts, and breake out for you ; let no man perswade me, I will
cry, and every Towne betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke-bridge,
shall beare me witnessse. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leave of you,
She that I am married to, but not my Wife,
Will London leave, in Yorkeshire lead our life.

Ilf. We must not leave you so, my young Gallant :
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make us
whole againe : For this saying is as true as old ;
Strife nurst twixt Man and Wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so ere's their Wealth, twill have a thaw.

*Enter Sir John Harcop with his daughter Clare, and two younger
brothers, Thomas, and John Scarborough.*

Har. Brothersto him, ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this, young Girle : You are welcome both :
Nay kisse her, kisse her ; tho she shalbe your brothers wife,
To kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sfoot what else ? thou art a good plumpe Wench,
I like you well, prethee make haste, and bring store of Boyes ;
But be sure they have good faces, that they may call me Vnckle.

John Glad of so faire a sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kissing's good yfaith,
I lov'd to smacke it too when I was young :
But mum; they have felt thy cheek *Clare*, let them heare thy tongue.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarboromes* brothers,
From mee his troth-plight Wife, be sure to have :
And though my tongue proove scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on wench: but doe you heare
Sir John, what doe ye thinke drew me from London, and the Innes of
Court, thus farre into *Yorkeeshire*?

Har. I gesse, to see this *Girl* shall be your sister.

Tho. Faith, and I gesse partly so too; but the maine was, and I
will not lie to you, that you comming now in this wise into our
kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my bro-
ther had married your daughter, I his brother might borrow some mo-
ney of you.

Har. What? doe you borrow of your kindred *Sir*?

Tho. Sfut, what else? they having interest in my blood, why should
not I have interest in their coyne? Besides *Sir*, I being a younger brother,
would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any
man that would lend, especially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a
Kalender. And looke you *Sir*, thus I goe over them. First o're my
Vnckles, often o're my *Aunts*, then up to my *Nephewes*, straight
downe to my *Neeces*, to this *Cosen Thomas*, and that *Cosen Jeffrey*,
leaving the courteous claw given to none of their elbowes, even unto
the third and fourth remove of any that hath interest in our blood:
All which doe upon their summons made by me, duely and faithfully
provide for appearance: and so as they are, I hope we shall be more
indeered, intierly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merry Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of money makes me so; and I know none but
Fooles use to be sad with it.

Iob. From *Oxford* am I drawne, from serious studies,
Expecting that my Brother still had sojourn'd
With you his best of choyce, and this good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hearts lesse merry,
Then if we had his presence. A day ere long
Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,
At noone i'th Church, at night betweene the sheetes.
Weele wash this chat with Wine. Some wine: fill up,

The sharpner of the wit, is a full cup,
And so to you Sir.

Tho. Do, and Ile drinke to my new Sister, but upon this condition, that she may have quiet dayes, little rest anights, ha pleasant after-noonnes, be pliant to my Brother, and lend mee money whensoere Ile borrow it.

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake, and we must beare with them :
Your frolicke Healths, are onely fit for men.

Tho. Well, I am contented; women must to the wall, tho it be to a Feather-bed. Fill up then.

Enter Clowne singing.

Clow. From London I come, tho not with Pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter in this poore Paper,
Will make my young Mistris, delighting in kisses,
Doe as all Maydens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to have lost, the thing they wisht most :
A Husband, a Husband, a prettie sweete Husband ;
Cry Oh, oh, oh, and alas : and at last, Ho, ho, ho, as I doe.

Clar. Return'd so soone from London? What's the newes?

Clow. O Mistris, if ever you have seene *Demonice a cleave*, looke into mine eyes; mine eyes are *Severne*, plaine *Severne*; the *Thames*, nor the River of *Tweed* are nothing to 'em: nay all the raine that fell at *Noahs* flood, had not the discretion that my eyes have: that drunke but up the whole world, & I ha drowned all the way betwixt this & London.

Clar. Thy newes, good *Robin*.

Clow. My newes Mistris? Ile tell you strange newes; the dust upon London way being so great, that not a Lord, Gentleman, Knight, or Knave, could travell, lest his eyes should be blowne out: At last, they all agreed to hire me to goe before them, when I looking but upon this Letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rain'd from the beginning of Aprill, till the last of May.

Clar. A Letter from my *Scarborow*? Give it thy Mistris.

Clow. But Mistris. *Clar.* Prethee be gon,
I would not have my Father, nor these Gentlemen,
Be witnesse of the comfort it doth bring.

Clow. Oh but Mistris.

Clar. Prethee be gone with this, and the glad newes :
Leave me alone.

Exit Clowne.

Tho. Tis your turne Knight; take your liquor, know I am bounti-
full,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

full, Ile forgive any man any thing that he owes me, but his drinke,
and that Ile be payd for.

Clar. Nay Gentlemen, the honestie of mirth
Consists not in carowling with excesse;
My Father hath more Welcomes than in wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my Sister so? Ile berul'd by thee then. But doe you
heare? In hope hereafter youle lend me some Money: now wee are
halfe drunke, let's goe to dinner. Come Knight. *Exeunt.*

Clar. I am glad you'r gone. *Manet Clare.*

Shall I now open't? no, Ile kisse it first,
Because this outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, (Ile call't a sacred Sheet)
Are writ blacke lines, where our white hearts shall meet:
Before I ope this doore of my delight,
Me thinkes I gesse how kindly he doth write
Of his true love to me: as Chucke, Sweet-heart,
I prethee doe not thinke the time too long,
That keepes us from the sweets of Marriage rites:
And then he sets my name, and kisses it,
Wishing my Lippes his sheet to write upon:
With like desire, me thinks, as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now here for me to looke upon;
Yet at the last, thinking his love too slacke,
Ere it arrive at my desired eyes,
Hee hastens up his message with like speed,
Even as I breake this ope, wishing to read. Oh, what's here?
Mine eyes are not mine owne; sure they are not:
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteene yeares, *Lets fall the let.*
You doe bely my *Scarborow*, reading so:
Forgive him, hee is married: that were ill:
What lying lights are these? Looke I ha no such letter,
No wedded syllable of the least wrong,
Done to a Troth-plight Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindnes; *Forgive him, he is married.*
I know my *Scarboromes* constancie to mee
Is as firme knit, as Faith to Charitie,
That I shall kisse him often, hugge him thus,
Be made a happy, and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous Children, like to him:

And

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

And reade I, he was married? Aske forgivenesse?

What a blind Foole was I? Yet here's a Letter,

To whom directed too? *To my Beloved Clare.*

Why Law?

Women will reade, and reade not that the saw.

It was but my fervent love misled mine eyes,

He once againe to the inside. *Forgive me, I am married:*

William Scarborough. He sets his name to't too.

O perjury! within the hearts of men

Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborough.

Tho. Sister, Gods precious, the Cloath's laid, the meat cooles,
We all stay, and your Father calls you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me, I pray you a little,
He but peruse this Letter, and come straight.

Tho. Pray you make haste, the meat staves for us, and our sto-
mack's ready for the meat: for beleve this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he that's drunke or'e night, i'th morning's drie:
Scene and approved.

Exit.

Clar. He was contracted mine, yet he unjust.

Hath married to another: What's my estate then?

A wretched Maid, not fit for any man;

For being united his with plighted faiths,

Who ever sues to me, commits a sinne,

Besiegeth me, and who shall marry me:

Is like my selfe, lives in adultery, (O God)

That such hard fortune should betide my youth.

I am young, faire, rich, honest, vertuous:

Yet for all this, who ere shall marry mee,

I am but his whore, live in adultery.

I cannot step into the path of pleasure,

For which I was created, borne unto:

Let me live nere so honest, rich, or poore,

If I once wed, yet I must live a whore.

I must be made a strumpet 'gainst my will,

A name I have abhor'd, a shamefull ill:

I have eschewed, and now cannot withstand it

In my selfe. I am my Fathers onely Child,

In me he hath a hope, though not his name

Can be increast, yet by my issue
His Land shall be possesst, his age delighted.
And though that I should vow a single life,
To keepe my soule unspotted, yet will hee
Inforce mee to a marriage :

So that my grieffe doth of that weight consist,
It helpes me not to yeeld, nor to resist.

And was I then created for a whore? A whore —
Bad name, bad act; Bad man, makes me a scorne:

Then live a Strumpet: Better be unborne. *Enter Iohn Scar,*

Iohn. Sister, pray you will you come?

Your Father, and the whole meeting staves for you.

Clar. I come, I come: I pray returne; I come.

Iohn. I must not goe without you.

Clar. Be you my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you. *Exit.*

He writes here, *To forgive him, hee is Married.*

False Gentleman: I doe forgive thee with my heart;

Yet will I send an answer to thy Letter,

And in so short words, thou shalt weepe to reade them;

And here's my agent ready: *Forgive mee, I am dead.*

Tis writ, and I will act it: Be judge you Maydes

Have trusted the false promises of men.

Be judge you Wives, the which have beene inforst

From the white sheets you lov'd, to them yee loath'd,

Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,

Better one sinne than many be endured.

My Armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastitie,

Were his possessions: and whilst I live,

He doth but steale those pleasures he enjoyes,

Is an adulterer in his married armes;

And never goes to his defiled Bed,

But God writes Sinne upon his Teasters head.

Ile be a Wife now, helpe to save his soule,

Though I have lost his body, give a flake

To his iniquities, and with one sinne

Done by this hand, end many done by him.

Farewell the world then, farewell the wedded joyes,

Till this I have hop't for, from that Gentleman,

Scarborow, forgive me: thus thou hast lost thy wife.

Yet record world, though by an act so foule,

The Miseries of inferst Marriage?

A wife thus dyed to cleanse her Husbands soule.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercie, where's this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clare. *Scarborow*, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That sad voyce was not hers, I hope:
Who's this, my Daughter?

Clar. Your Daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried:
Prayes *Scarborow* to forgive her: she is dead.

Dies.

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words have way:
Clare, my Daughter: Helpe, my servants there:
Lift up thine eyes and looke upon thy Father,
They were not borne to lose their light so soone:
I did beget thee for my comfort,
And not to be the authour of my care.

Why speakst thou not? Some helpe, my servants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne?
What cause hadst thou, that wert thy Fathers joy,
The treasure of his age, the cradle of his sleepe,
His all in all? I prethee speake to me:

Thou art not ripe for death, come backe againe:

Clare, my *Clare*, if death must needs have one,
I am the fittest, prethee let me goe:

Thou dying whilst I live, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborow.

Tho. What meanes this out-cry?

Iohn. O ruthfull Spectacle!

Har. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen, Child,
But kind and loving to thy aged Father:

Awake, awake; Ift be thy lasting sleepe,
Would I had not Sense for grieffe, nor eyes to weepe.

Ioh. What paper's this: the sad contents doth tell mee,
My brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies; for him, she hath kild her selfe.

Har. Was that the cause, that thou hast soyld thy selfe
With these red spots; these blemishes of beautie?

My child, my child; Wast perjurie in him,
Made thee so faire, act in so foule a sinne,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

That he deceived thee in a Mothers hopes,
Posteritie, the blisse of Marriage ?
Thou hast no tongue to answer No, or I,
But in red Letters writes, *For him I die.*
Curse on his traiterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His Pleasures, Children, and Possessions ;
Be all his dayes like Winter, comfortlesse :
Restlesse his nights, his wants remorcelesse,
And may his Corps be the Physicians stage,
Which plaid upon, stands not to honoured age :
Or with Diseases may he lie and pine,
Till Griefe wax blind his eyes, as it doth mine.

Exit.

Ioh. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pitied.

Enter Scarborough, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Wentloe,
Bartley, and Butler.

Ilf. What ride by the gate, and not call ? that were a shame yfaith.

Went. Weele but taste of his Beere, kisse his Daughter, and to
Horse againe : Where's the good Knight, here ?

Scar. You bring me to my shame unwillingly.

Ilf. Shamed, of what ? for deceiving of a Wench ? I ha not blusht,
that ha don't to a hundred of'em.

In Womens love, hee's wife doth follow this,
Love one so long, till her another kisse.

Where's the good Knight, here ?

Iohn O Brother, you are come to make your Eye
Sad mourner at a fatall Tragedie.

Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.

Scar, O wronged Clare ! Accursed Scarborough,
I writ to her, That I was married.

She writes to me, Forgive her, she is dead.

Ile balme thy body with my faithfull teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe.

Ile sacrifice this Comet into fighes,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,

And all the benefits my Parents gave,
Shall turne distempered, to appease the wrath

For this blood shed, and I am guiltie of.

Kat. Deare husband.

Scar. False woman, not my wife, tho married to me :

Looke what thy friends, and thou art guiltie of,
The murther of a creature, equal'd Heaven
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Never lookt base, but ever did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours undid her :
*Eye her, view her, tho dead, yet she does looke
Like a fresh Frame, or a new printed Booke
Of the best Paper, never lookt into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too : but who was cause of it ?
Thou, and thy friends ; and I will loath thee for't.*

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. They doe belie her, that they doe,
She is but straid to some by-Gallery,
And I must ha her againe. *Clare, where art thou, Clare ?*

Scar. Here, laid to takè her everlasting sleepe,

Har. A lies that faves so :
Yet now I know thee, I doe lie, that say it,
For if she be, a Villen like thy selfe,
A perjur'd Traytor, Recreant, Miscreant,
Dogge : a Dogge, a Dogge, has don't.

Scar. O Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. O sir John Villen, to betroth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmeless, harmeless child ;
This kernell, hope, and comfort of my House,
Without inforcement, of thine owne accord,
Draw all her soule i'th compasse of an Oath ;
Take that Oath from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her ?

Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.

Har. But harke what thou hast got by it,
Thy Wife is but a Strumpet, thy Children Bastards,
Thy selfe a murtherer, thy Wife accessarie,
Thy Bed a Stewes, thy House a Brothell,

Scar. O, tis too true.

Har. I, made a wretched Father, childles.

Scar. I, made a married Man, yet wiveles.

Har. Thou the cause of it.

Scar. Thou the cause of it.

To his wife.

Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,

For I an old man am, undone, undone.

Exit.

Scar. For Charitie, have care upon that Father,
Least that his grieffe, bring on a more mishap :
This to my Armes , my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I have lost her, to thy Grave Ile bring;
Thou wert my Wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* sing :
Goe you to the Countrey , Ile to London backe,
All ryot now, since that my soule's so blacke.

Exit with Clare.

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toft Mariners.
My fortunes being no more than my distresse,
Vpon what Shore soever I am driven,
Be it good or bad, I must account it Heaven :
Tho married, I am reputed no Wife ;
Neglected of my Husband, scorn'd, despis'd :
And tho my love and true obedience,
Lies prostrate to his becke, his heedles eye,
Receives my services unworthily.

*I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better dayes, when bad are gone.
You are my Guide ; Whither must I, Butler ?*

But. Toward *Wakefield*, where my Masters Living lies.

Ka. Toward *Wakefield*, where thy Master weele attend.
VWhen things are at the worst, tis hope theyle mend.

Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborough.

Tho. How now sifter, no further forward on your journey yet ?

Ka. VWhen grieffe's before me, who'd goe on to grieffe ?
Ide rather turne me backe to find some comfort.

Iob. And that way sorrow's hatefuller than this,
My Brother having brought unto a grave,
That murdered body, whom he cal'd his VVife,
And spent so many teares upon her Hearse,
As would have made a Tyrant to relent :
Then kneeling at her Coffin thus he vow'd,
From thence, he never would embrace your Bed :

Tho. The more Foole he.

Iob. Never from hence, acknowledge you his Wife,
VWhere others strive to enrich their Fathers name,
It should be his onely ayme, to begger ours ;
To spend their meanes, should be his onely pride :
VWhich with a sigh confirm'd, hee's rid to *London*,

Vowing

Vowing example, by his life so foule,
Men nere should joyne the hands, without the foule.

Ka. All is but grieſe, and I am arm'd for it.

Iob. Weele bring you on your way, in hope thus ſtrong,
Time may at length make ſtraight, what yet is wrong.

ACTVS III.

Enter Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley.

Went. Hee's our owne, hee's our owne; Come lets make uſe of
his wealth, as the Sunne of Ice: melt it, melt it.

Ilf. But art ſure he will hold his meeting?

Went. As ſure as I am here now, and was dead drunke laſt night.

Ilf. Why then ſo ſure, will I be arreſted by a couple of Sergeants,
and fall into one of the unlucky Crankes about Cheapſide; called
Counters.

Bar. Withall I have provided Maſter *Gripe* the Uſurer, who upon
the inſtant, will be ready to ſtep in, charge the Sergeants to keepe
thee faſt; and that now he will have his five hundred pounds, or
thou ſhalt rot for it.

Went. When it followes, young *Scarborow* ſhall be bound for the
one: then take up as much more, we ſhare the one halfe, and helpe
him to be drunke with the other.

Enter Scarborow.

Ilf. Ha, ha, ha.

Bart. Why doſt laugh *Francke*?

Ilf. To ſee, that wee and Uſurers, live by the fall of young Heires,
as Swine by the dropping of Acornes. But hee's come.

VWhere be theſe Rogues? Shall we have no tendance here?

Scar. Good day, Gentlemen.

Ilf. A thouſand good dayes, my noble *Bully*, and as many good
fortunes as there were Graſhoppers in *Egypt*, and that's covered
over with good lucke: but *Nounes*, *Pronounes*, and *Participles*:
VWhere be theſe Rogues here? VWhat, ſhall we have no Wine here?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, ſir.

Ilf. Anon, good-man *Raſcall*, muſt we ſtay your leiſure?
Gee't us by and by, with a pox to you.

Scar. O doe not hurt the fellow. *Exit Drawer.*

Ilf. Hurt him, hang him, Serape-trencher, Star-wearer, Wine-spil-
ler, Mettle-clanker, Rogue by generation: VWhy, doſt heare
Will? If thou doſt not uſe theſe Grape-spillers as you doe their

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Pottle-pots, quoit'em downe the staytes three or foure times at a Supper, theyle grow as sawcy with you as Sergeants, and make Bills more unconseionable than Taylors. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Here's the pure and neate Grape, Gent. assure you.

Ilf. Fill up: what ha you brought here, good-man Rogue?

Draw. The pure element of Claret, Sir.

Ilf. Ha you so; and did not I call for Renish *Throwes the Wine in the Drawers face.*
you Mungrell?

Scar. Thou need'st no VVine, I prethee be more milde.

Ilf. Be milde in a Taverne, tis treason to their red Lettice, enemie to their Signe-post, and slave to Humor:

Prethee, let's be mad. *Sings this.*

Then fill our heads with Wine, till every pate be drunke:

Then pisse'ithe street, justle all you meet, and swagger with a Punke;
As thou wilt doe now and then: Thanke me thy good Master, that brought thee to it.

Wen. Nay, he profits well, but the worst is, he will not sweare yet.

Sea. Doe not bely me: if there be any good in me, that's the best: Oathes are necessary for nothing; they passe out of a mans mouth, like smoake through a chimney, that files all the way it goes.

Went. VVhy then I thinke Tobacco be a kind of swearing, for it fures our Noses pockily.

Sea. But come, lets drinke our selves into a stomack afore-supper.

Ilf. Agreed; and Ile begin with a new Health. Fill up.

To them that make Land fly,

By Wine, Whores, and a Die:

To them that onely thrives,

By kissing others Wives:

To them that pay for cloathes,

With nothing but with Oathes;

Care not from whom they get,

So they may be in debt:

This health my hearts. drinkes.

But who their Taylors pay,

Borrow, and keepe their day;

Weele hold him like this Glasse,

A brainelesse empty Asse;

And not a mate for us.

Drinke round, my hearts.

Went. An excellent Health. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Master

The Miseries of inforst Marriage:

Draw. Master *Ilford*, there's a couple of Strangers beneath, desires to speake with you.

Ilf. VVhat Beards ha they? Gentleman-like Beards, or Broker-like Beardes?

Draw. I am not so well acquainted with the art of Face-mending, Sir, but they would speakewith you.

Ilf. Ile goe downe to 'em.

Went. Doe; and weele stay here, and drinke Tobacco the while.

Scar. Thus like a Feaver that doth shake a man
From strength to weakenesse, I consume my selfe:
I know this company, their custome vilde,
Hated, abhor'd of good-men; yet like a Child,
By Reasons rule instructed how to know
Evill from good, I to the worser goe.
Why doe you suffer this, you upper powers,
That I should surfet in the sinne of taste;
Have sense to feele my mischiefe, yet make waste
Of heaven and earth?
My selfe will answer, what my selfe doth aske:
Who once doth cherish Sinne, begets his shame;
For Vice being fosterd once, comes impudence,
Which makes men count, Sinne, Custome; not offence:
*When all is like me, their reputation blot,
Pursuing evill, while the good's forgot.*

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Vsurer.

Serg Nay, never strive, we can hold you.

Ilf. I, me, and the Devill too, and a fall into your clutches: Let goe your tugging, as I am a Gent. Ile be your true prisoner.

Went. How now, what's the matter, *Francke*?

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of Sergeants: I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrested, a Gentleman in our company?

Ilf. Put up, put up; for sinnes sake put up, let's not all suppe in the Counter tonight: let me speake with M^r. *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well, what say you to me, Sir?

Ilf. You have arrested me here, Master *Gripe*.

Gripe. Not I Sir, the Sergeants have.

Ilf. But at your sute M^r. *Gripe*: yet heare me, as I am a Gentleman.

Gripe. I'de rather you could say, as you were an honest man,
And then I might beleeve you.

Ilf. Yet heare me.

Grip. Heare

Grip. Heare me no hearing, I lent you my money for good will.

Ilf. And I spent it for meere necessitie; I confesse I owe you five hundred pound; and I confesse I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't: my Bond you have already, *M. Gripe*, if you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no words: Officers looke to your Prisoner: if you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in securitie, such as I shall like too.

Ilf. Such as you shall like too: what say you to this young Gentleman, He is the *VVidgen* that we must feed upon.

Grip. *VV*ho young *M^r. Scarborow*? he is an honest Gentleman, for ought I know, I nere lost penny by him.

Ilf. I would be ashamed any man should say so by mee, that I have had dealing withall: But my inforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I discend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your mercilesse hands immediatly.

Serg. *VV*ell sir, weele waite upon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen, I am to proffer some conference, and especially to you *M^r. Scarborow*; our meeting here for your mirth, hath proved to me thus adverse, that in your companies I am arrested: How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations, *VV*here men of rank and note communicate, that *I Francke Ilford*, Gentleman, whose fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, and heape satisfaction, for any present extention of his friends kindnesse, was inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter in the Poultry: for mine owne part, if you shall thinke it meete: and that it shall accord with the state of Gentry, to submit my selfe, from the Feather-bed in the Masters side, or the Flock-bed in the Knights ward, to the Straw-bed in the Hole, I shall buckle to my heeles in stead of guilt Spurres, the armour of Patience, and doo't.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this; this is *Mellis Flora*, the sweetest of the Hony; he that was not made to fat Cattell, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloathes.

Went. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best company.

Went. Should regard your credite.

Bart. Stand not upon it; be bound, be bound.

Went. Ye are richly married.

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Bart. Love not your Wife.

Went. Have store of Friends.

Bart. Who shall be your Heyre?

Went. The sonne of some Slave.

Bart. Some Groome.

Went. Some Horse-keeper.

Bart. Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Scar. Well, at your importance, for once Ile stretch my Purse,
Who's borne to sinke, as good this way, as worse.

Went. Now speakes my Bully, like a Gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merite.

Went. Fit to be regarded.

Bart. That shall command our Soules.

Went. Our Swords.

Bart. Our selves.

Ilf. To feed upon you, as *Pharaos* leane Kine did upon the fat.

Scar. Master *Gripe*, is my Bond currant for this Gentleman?

Ilf. Good security you *Ægyptian* Grasshopper, good security.

Grip. And for as much more, kind Master *Scarborow*,
Provided, that men mortall (as we are,) May have —

Scar. May have Securitie.

Grip. Your Bond with land convayd; which may assure me of
mine owne againe.

Scar. You shalbe satisfied, and Ile become your debter,
For full five hundred more than he doth owe you:
This night we suppe here, beare us company,
And bring your Counsell, Scrivener, and the money with you,
Where I will make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish.

Grip. I take your word, Sir,
And so discharge you of your Prisoner.

Ilf. Why then lets come and take up a new roome, the infected
hath spit in this.

He that hath store of coyne, wants not a friend,

Thou shalt receive sweet Rogue, and we will spend.

Exeunt.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborow.

Ioh. Brother, you see the extremitie of want,
Inforceth us to question for our owne;
The rather that we see, not like a Brother,
Our Brother keepes from us, to spend on other.

Tho. True, hee has in his hands our Portions, the Patrimoine

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

which our father gave us: with which he lies fatting himselfe with Sacke and Suger in the house, and we are faine to walke with leane purses abroad. Credite must be maintained, which will not be without money; good cloathes must be had, which will not be without money; company must be kept, which will not be without money: all which we must have; and from him we will have money.

Iob. Besides; we have brought our Sister to this Towne, That she her selfe having her owne from him, Might bring her selfe in Court to be prefer'd, Vnder some Noble personage; or else that he, Whose friends are great in Court, by his late match, As he is in nature bound, provide for her.

Tho. And hee shall doe it brother, tho we have waited at his Lodging, longer than a Taylors Bill on a young Knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him: Here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

Iob. Yet let us, doo't in milde and gentle termes; Faire words perhaps may sooner draw our owne, Than suffer courses, by which is mischief growne. *Ent. Draw.*

Draw. Anon, anon; looke downe into the *Dolphine* there.

Tho. Here comes a Drawer, we will question him. Doe you heare my friend, is not Master *Scarborow* here?

Draw. Here sir, what a jest is that? where should hee be else? I would have you well know, my Master hopes to ride a cocke-horse by him, before he leaves him.

Iob. How long hath he continued here since he came hither?

Draw. Faith sir, not so long as *Noahs* flood, yet long enough to have drowned up the livings of three Knights, as Knights goe now adayes, some month or thereabouts.

Iob. Time ill consumed, to ruinate our House: But what are they that keepe him company?

Draw. *Pitch, pitch*; but I must not say so; yet for your further satisfaction, did you ever see a young *Whelpe* & *Lyon* play together.

Iob. Yes.

Draw. Such is Master *Scarborow*, such are his Company.

Within. Oliver.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the *Pomegranate* there.

Tho. I prethee say, here's them would speake with him.

Draw. He doe your message: Anon, anon, there. *Exit.*

Iob. This foole speakes wiser than he is aware:

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Young heires, left in this towne, where sinne's so ranke,
And Prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelpes throwne in the Lyons den,
Who play with them a while, at length devoure them.

Enter Scarborough.

Scar. VVho's there would speake with me?

Ioh. Your Brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scar. Well.

Ioh. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you use,
(With such as waste their goods, as Time the world,
In continuall spending, nor that you keepe
The company of a most leproous rout,
Consumes your bodies wealth, infects your name,
With such Plague-sores, that had you reasons eye,
T'would make you sicke, to see you visit them)
Hath drawne us, but our wants, to crave the due
Our Father gave, and yet remaines with you.

Tho. Our Birth-right (good Brother) this Towne craves main-
tenance, Silke stockings must be had; and wee would be loath our
heritage should be arraigned at the Vintners Bar, and so condem-
ned to the Vintners box; though while you did keepe House, wee
had some Belly-timber at your table, or so; yet we would have you
thinke, wee are your Brothers, yet no *Esau's*, to sell our Patrimony
for Porridge.

Scar. So, so; what hath your comming else?

Ioh. With us, our Sister joynes in our request,
Whom we have brought along with us to London,
*To have her Portion, wherewith to provide
An honor'd Service, or an honest Bride.*

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my Sister, come not,
as in dutie you are bound, to an elder Brother, out of Yorke-shire
to see us, but like Leaches, to sucke from us.

Ioh. Wee come compel'd by want, to crave our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne? then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with mee,
And I will keepe it for you: Must you appoint us,
Or what we please to like, mixt with reproofe:
*You have beene too saucie both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it: askewhy: Ile have it so.*

Ioh. We doe but crave our owne.

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Scar. Your owne Sir : what's your owne ?

Tho. Our portions given us by our Fathers will.

John Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume.

John Wayes worse than ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Ilf. Nay, nay, nay, *Will* ; prethee come away, we have a full gallon of Sacke staves in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the Health of a friend of thine.

Scar. Sirrah, who doest thinke these are, *Francke* ?

Ilf. VWho ? they are Fidlers, I thinke ; if they be, I prethee send them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, weele send to them presently.

Scar. They are my Brothers, *Franke*, come out of Yorke-shire, To the Taverne here, to aske their Portions : They call my pleasures, Riots ; my Company Leproes ; and like a Schoole-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilf. O thou shouldst have done well to have bound them prentices when they were young, they would have made a couple of good sawcie Taylors.

Tho. Taylors ?

Ilf. I Birdlime, Taylors ? Taylors are good men, and in the Terme time they weare good cloathes. Come, you must learne more manners, as to stand at your Brothers back, to shift a trencher neatly, and take a cup of Sacke, and a Capons leg contentedly.

Tho. You are a slave, that feeds upon my brother like a sicke, Poysoning where thou dost sucke.

Scar. You lie.

John O, (to my grieffe I speake it) you shall find, There's no more difference in a Taverne-haunter, Than is betweene a Spittle, and a Beggar.

Tho. Thou work'st on him like Tempests on a Ship.

Ich. And he, the worthy Trafficke that doth sinke,

Tho. Thou mak'st his name more loathsome than a grave.

Ioh. Liv'st like a Dog, by vomit.

Tho. Die a slave.

Here they drave, Wentloe & Bartley come in, & the two Vintners Boyes with Clubbes: all set upon the two Brothers; Butler Scarboroughes man comes in, stands by, sees them fight, takes part with neither.

But. Doe,

But. Doe, fight: I love you all well, because you were my old Masters sons; but Ile neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my Master newes, hee hath two sonnes borne at a birth in Yorke-shire, and I find him together by the eares with his Brothers in a Taverne in London. Brother and Brother at ods, tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the dayes of Charitie. What's this world like to? Faith just like an In-keepers chamber-pot, receives all waters, good and bad; it had need of much scowring. My old Master kept a good House, and twenty or thirty tall Sword and Buckler-men about him: and yfaith his Sonne differs not much, hee will have mettle too; tho hee have no store of Cutlers blades, he will have plenty of Vintners pots. His Father kept a good house for honest men his Tenants, that brought him in part: and his Sonne keepes a badde House with Knaves, that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of Time: why should any man repine at it? Creakets, good loving and luckie wormes were wont to feed, sing, and rejoyce in the Fathers Chimney: and now, carrion Crowes build in the Sonnes Kitchin: I could be sorry for it; but I am too old to weepe. VVell then, I will goe tell him newes of his off-spring.

Exit.

Enter the two brothers, Tho. and Ioh. Scarborough hurt, & their Sister.

Sist. Alas good Brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath given us our portions, Sister, hath hee not?

Sist. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.

Ioh. Excuse him not, hee's more degenerate, Than greedy Vipers that devoure their Mother, They eat on her but to preserve themselves; And hee consumes himselfe, and beggers us.

A Taverne is his Inne, where amongst slaves,
He killes his substance, making Pots the graves
To bury that which our fore-fathers gave.

I ask't him for our portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,

*Humbly we crav'd our owne; when his reply
Was, Hee knew none we had, beg, starve, or die.*

Sist. Alas, what course is left for us to live by then?

Tho. In troth sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you, to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of small Cannes in the Suburbes.

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Sist. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That every Beast that can but pay his tole,
May travell over, and like to Cammomile,
Flourish the better being trodden on.

Enter Butler, bleeding.

But. Well, I will not curse him: he feeds now upon Sacke and Anchoves with a pox to him; but if he be not faine before he dies to eat acornes, let me live with nothing but pollerd, and my mouth be made a Cucking-stoole for every Scold to set her taylor on.

Tho. How now *Butler*, what's the meaning of this?

But. Your brother meanes to lame as many as hee can, that when he is a beggar himselfe, he may live with them in the Hospitall. His wife sent me out of Yorke-shire, to tell him that God had blest him with two Sonnes: he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her; crosses me ore the pate, and sends mee to the Surgeons to seeke salve: I lookt at least he should have given me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath given thee a crackt Crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tell, he is your brother, and my Master, I would be loath to prophesie of him; but whosoever doth curse his children being infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they may be borne rich, but they shall live slaves, be Knaves, and die beggars.

Sist. Did he doe so?

But. Gesse you, hee bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent mee to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him:
Some Husbands are respectlesse of their wives,
During the time that they are issuelesse,
But none with Infants blest can nourish hate,
But love the Mother for the Childrens sake.

Ioh. But hee that is given over unto sinne,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within:
O *Butler*, we were issue to one Father.

But. And hee was an honest Gentleman.

Ioh. Whose hopes were better than the Sunne he left,
Should set so soone, unto his Houses shame:
He lives in Tavernes, spending of his wealth,
And here his Brothers and distressed Sister,

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Not having any meanes to helpe us with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse us with.

Job. And not content to ryot out his owne,

But he detaines our portions; suffers us

In this strange ayre, open to every wracke,

Whilst hee in ryot swimmes, to be in lacke.

But. The more's the pitie.

Sist. I know not what in course to take me to,

Honestly I faine would live: What shall I doe?

But. Sooth Ile tell you: your brother hath hurt us,

We three will hurt you, and then goe all to a Spittle together.

Sist. Jest not at her, whose burden is too grievous;

But rather lend a meanes how to relieve us.

But. Well, I doe pitie you, and the rather, because you say, you would faine live honest, and want meanes for it: for I can tell you, tis as strange here, to see a Mayd faire, poore, and honest, as to see a Collier with a cleane face: Maydes here doe live (especially without maintenance)

Like Mice going to a Trap,

They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your Father was my good Benefactor, and gave me a house whilst I live, to put my head in: I would be loath then to see his onely Daughter, for want of meanes, turne puncke; I have a drift to keepe you honest, (have you a care to keepe your selves so) yet you shall not know of it, for womens tongues are like fives, they will hold nothing, they have power to vent: You two will further me?

John. In any thing, good honest Butler.

Tho. If't be to take a purse, Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter than thou art aware of: well, as chance is, I have received my wages: there is fourty shillings for you, Ile set you in a lodging; and till you heare from us, let that provide for you: weele first to the Surgeons,

To keepe you honest, and to keepe you brave;

For once an honest man will turne a Knave.

Exeunt.

Enter Scarborough having a Boy carrying a Torch with him,

Iford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Scar. Boy, Beare the Torch faire: Now I am arm'd to fight with a Wind-mill, and to take the Wall of an Emperour: Much drinke, no money: a heavy head and a light paire of heeles.

Went. O stand man.

Scar. I

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Scar. I were an excellent creature to make a Punke of; I should downe with the least touch of a Knaves finger: thou hast made a good night of this; VVhat hast wonne *Frank*?

Ilf. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the Hell of all gamesters; I thinke when they are at play, the board eats up all the money: for if there be five hundred pound lost, there's never but a hundred pound won. Boy, take the wall of any man: and yet by light, such deeds of darke-nesse may not bee.

Put out the Torch.

Went. What doest meane by that, *Will*?

Sca. To save charges, and to walke like a fury, with a firebrand in my hand: every one goes by the light, and weele goe by the smoake.

Enter Lord Faulkonbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the wall: I will not budge for any man, by these Thumbs; and the paring of the Nayles shall sicke in thy teeth, not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, young *Scarborow*?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reverence that you owe to mee?

Scar. You should have brought mee up better then.

Lord. That vice should thus transforme Man to a Beast.

Scar. Goe to, your name's Lord; Ile talke with you when you'r out of debt, and have better cloathes.

Lord. I pitie thee, even with my very soule.

Scar. Pitie in thy throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Egges, and muld Sacke: doe you heare? you put a peece of turn'd Stuffe upon mee: but I will—

Lord. What will you doe, Sir?

Scar. Pisse in thy way, and that's no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborow.

St. Will. My honour'd Lord, you'r happily well met.

Lord. Ill met, to see your Nephew in this case;
More like a brute Beast, than a Gentleman.

St. Wil. Fie Nephew, shame you not, thus to transforme your selfe?

Scar. Can your Nose smell a Torch?

Ilf. Be not so wild, it is thine Vnckle *Scarborow*.

Scar. Why, then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

St. Wil. Shame to our Name, to make thy selfe a beast;
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths breast

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Tild in due time, for better discipline.

Lord. Thy selfe new married to a Noble house,
Rich in possessions, and posteritie;

V Which should call home thy unstayd affections.

Sr. Will. Where thou mak'st havocke.

Lord. Ryot, spoyle, and waste.

Sr. Will. Of what thy Father left.

Lord. And livest disgrast.

Sca. Ile send you shorter to heaven, than you came to the earth?

Doe you Catechize? doe you Catechize?

Hee drawes, and strikes at them.

Ilf. Hold, hold; doe you draw upon your Vnckle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord:

Weele meet at Miter; where weele sup downe sorrow,

We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow.

Exeunt.

Lord. Why now I see, what I heard of, I beleev'd not:

Your Kinsman lives.

Sr. Will. Like to a Swine.

Lord. A perfect *Epythite*, hee feeds on draffe,
And wallowes in the myre, to make men laugh:

I pitie him.

Sr. Will. No pitie's fit for him.

Lord. Yet weele advise him.

Sr. Will. He is my Kinsman.

Lord. Being in the pit where many doe fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsell him.

Exeunt.

ACTVS IIII.

*A noise within crying, Follow, follow, follow: then enter Butler,
Tho. and Ioh. Scarborough, with many bags.*

Tho. What shall we doe now, *Butler*?

But. A man had better line a good handsome paire of gallowes
before his time, than be borne to doe these sucklings good, their
mothers milke's not wrung out of their Nose yet; they know no
more how to behave themselves in this honest and needfull calling
of Purse-taking, than I doe to peece stockings.

Within. This way, this way, this way.

Both. Sfoot, what shall we doe now?

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

But. See, if they doe not quake like a trembling Aspe-leave, and looke more miserable, than one of the wicked Elders pictur'd in the painted cloth, should they but come to'th credit to be arraignd for their valour before a worshipfull Bench, their very looks would hang'em, and they were indighted but for stealing of Egges.

Within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Tho. Butler.

Ioh. Honest Butler.

But. Squat, heart squat, creepe me into these Bushes, And lieme as close to the ground, as you would doe to a wench.

Tho. How good *Butler*, shew us how?

But. By the Moone, Patronesse of all Purse-takers, who would be troubled with such changelings? squat, heart squat.

Tho. Thus, *Butler.*

But. I so fuckling, so, stirre not now; if the peering Rogues chance to goe over you, yet stirre not: younger Brothers call you'em, and have no more forecast, I am ashamed of you: these are such whose fathers had need leave them money, even to make them ready withall; for by these hilts, they have not wit to button their sleeves without teaching: close, squat, close. Now if the lot of hanging doe fall to my share, so; then the Fathers old man drops for his young Masters. If it chance it chances; and when it chances, Heaven and the Sheriffe send me a good Rope; I would not go up the Lather twice for any thing: in the meane time, preventions, honest preventions doe well, off with my skinne; so, you on the ground, and I to this Tree to escape the Gallowes.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Doe, follow; if I doe not deceive you, Ile bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with two or three others with him.

Har. Vp to this Wood they tooke; search neare my friends, I am this morne rob'd of three hundred pound.

But. I am sorry there was not foure to ha made even money; Now by the Devils hornes, tis sir *Iohn Harcop.*

Har. Leavenot a Bush unbeat, nor Tree unsearcht; As sure as I was rob'd, the Theeves went this way.

But. There's no body (I perceive) but may lie at some time, For one of them climb'd this wayes.

I. Stand, I heare a voyce; and here's an Owle in an Ivy-bush.

But. You

But. You lie, tis an old Serving-man in a Nut-tree.

2. *Sirrah* ; sir, what make you in that Tree ?

But. Gathering of Nuts, that such fooles as you are, may cracke the shels, and I eate the kernels.

Har. What Fellow's that ?

But. *Sir John Harcop*, my noble Knight, I am glad of your good health, you beare your age faire, you keepe a good house, I ha fed at your boord, and bin drunke in your Buttery.

Har. *But sirrah, sirrah* ; What make you in that Tree ?
My Man and I, at foot of yonder Hill,
Were by three Knaves rob'd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd losse berlady Sir ; but your good Worship may now see the fruit of being miserable : You will ride but with one man to save horse-meat and mans-meat at your Inne at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. *Sirrah*, I say I ha lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir, I wish all miserable Knights might be served so : For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes, as a man of your coat should doe, they would have helpt now to keepe your money.

Har. But tell me sir, Why lurkt you in that Tree ?

But. Marry, I will tell you Sir. Comming to the top of the Hill, where you (Right worshipfull) were rob'd at the bottome, and seeing some a scuffling together, my minde straight gave me, there were Knaves abroad : Now sir, I knowing my selfe to be old, tough, and unwiieldy, not being able to doe as I would ; as much as to say, Rescue you (Right worshipfull) I, like an honest man, one of the Kings liege people, and a good subject—

Serv. But a sayes well, Sir.

But. Got me up to the top of that Tree : the Tree (if it could speake) would beare me witnesse, that there I might see which way the Knaves tooke, then to tell you of it, and you, Right worshipfully to send Hue to cry after'em.

Har. Was it so ?

But. Nay, twas so, sir.

Har. Why, then I tell thee, they tooke into this Wood.

But. And I tell thee (setting thy Worships Knighthood aside) he lyes in his throat that sayes so. Had not one of them a white Frocke ? Did they not bind your Worships Knighthood by the thumbes, then fagoted you and the foole your man, backe to backe ?

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Man. He sayes true.

But. Why then so truly, came they not into this Wood, but tooke over the Lawnes, and left *Winno* steeples on the left hand.

Har. It may be so: by this they are out of reach;
Well, farewell it.

But. Ride with more men good Knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit. *Exit Harcop with followers.*

But. So, If this be not plaid a weapon beyond a Schollers Prize, let me be hift at. Now to the next. Come out you Hedg-hogs.

Tho. O *Butler*, thou deserv'st to be chronicled for this.

But. Do not belie me, If I had my right, I deserve to be hanged for't. But come downe with your dust, our mornings purchase.

Tho. Here tis, thou hast plaid well, Thou deserve'st two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound; A pretty breake-fast: Many a man workes hard all his dayes, and never sees halfe the money. But come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestowed. But doe ye heare Gallants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your livings by: Use it not, for if you doe, though I scap't by-the Nut-tree, be sure youle speed by the Rope: But for your paines at this time there's a hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, Ile, give you instructions. But doe you heare, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkes, and your Cock-tricks with it: If I heare you doe, as I am an honest Theefe, tho I help't you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet, to helpe you to the Gallowes. How the rest shall be employed, I have determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,

The fault's the lesse, being done, to helpe the poore.

Exeunt.

Enter Wentloe, Bartley, and Ilford, with a Letter in his hand.

Ilf. Sure I ha sed my prayers, and liv'd vertuoufly alate, that this good fortune's befallne me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

Went. But dust meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile goe downe to take possession of his land, let the Countrey bury him, and they will: Ile stay here a while, to save charges at his Funerall.

But. And how dost feele thy selfe Franke, now thy Father is dead?

Ilf.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage:

Ilf. As I did before with my hands; how should I feele my selfe else? But Ile tell you newes, Gallants.

Went. What's that? Dost meane now to serve God?

Ilf. Faith partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, And from thence, doe faithfull service to one Woman.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hookes together.

Bart. What, dost meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, married.

But. That's a baite for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

Went. It's impossible, for thou hast bin a Whore-master this seaven yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marry, and to some honest Woman too; and so from hence, her Vertues shall be a countenance to my Vices.

Bart. What shall she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no Widdow, nor no waighting Gentlewoman: for under protection, Ladies may lard their Husbands heads, Widdowes will Woodcocks make, and Chamber-maids of Serving-men learne that, theyle nere forsake.

Went. Who wilt thou wed then, prethee?

Ilf. To any Maide, so she be faire: to any Maide, so she be rich: to any Maide, so she be young: and to any Maide,

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, tis no great matter for her honestie; for in these dayes, that's a Dowrie out of request.

But. From these Crabbes will I gather sweetnesse: wherein Ile imitate the Bee, that suckes her Honey; not from the sweetest Flowers, but Thyme, the bitterest: So these, having bin the meanes to begger my Master, shall be the helpes to relieve his Brothers and Sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and she be faire, she shall fall sure enough.

Butler, how ist, good *Butler*?

But. VVill you be made Gallants?

Went. I, but not willingly. Cuckolds, tho wee are now talking about Wives.

But. Let your Wives agree of that after, will you first be richly married?

All. How *Butler*? richly married?

But. Rich in Beauty, rich in Purie, rich in Vertue, rich in all things; But *Mum*, Ile say nothing, I know of two or three rich Heyres: But *Cargo*, my Fiddle-sticke cannot play without Rozen: Avant.

Went. *Butler.*

Ilf. Dost not know me *Butler*?

But. For Kex, dried Kex, that in Summer ha bin so liberall to fodder other mens Cattell, and scarce have enough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and must have precious Jewels put into them, and I know you to be Merchants of Stock-fish, dry meate, and not men for my market: Then vanish.

Il. Come, yee old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little Whore-master in his youth, but you must upbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when hee is married, his wife shall find in him? Why, my Father's dead man now, who by his death hath left me the better part of a thousand a yeere.

But. Tut, she of *Lancashire* has fiteene hundred.

Ilf. Let me have her then, good *Butler*.

But. And then she the bright beauty of *Leystershire*, has a thousand; nay thirteene hundred a yeare, at least.

Ilf. Or, let me have her, honest *Butler*.

But. Besides, she the most delicate, sweete countenanst, blackebrowd Gentlewoman in *Northamptonshire*, in substance equals the best of'em.

Ilf. Let me have her else.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good *Butler*.

But. You were best play the parts of right Fooles, and most desperate whore-masters, and go together by the eares for them, ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featur'd, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired Gentlewomen.

All. And rich, *Butler*?

But. (I that must be one tho they want all the rest) And rich Gallants, as are from the utmost parts of *Asia*, to these present confines of *Europe*.

All. And wilt thou helpe us to them, *Butler*?

But. Faith, tis to be doubted; for precious Pearles will hardly be bought

bought without precious stones, and I thinke there's scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may prove honest, as by the death of your fathers you are proved rich, walke severally, for I knowing you all three to be covetous Tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each others beautie, but will severally talke with you: and since you have deigned in this needfull portion of wedlocke, to be rul'd by me, *Butler* will most bountifully provide wives for you generally.

All. Why that's honestly said.

But. Why so; and now first to you, sir Knight.

Ilf. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abominable Woodcocks here.

Ilf. A pox on them, absolute Coxcombs.

But. You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to give of three Gentlewomen.

Ilf. True.

But. Now indeed sir, I ha but the performance of one.

Ilf. Good.

But. And her I doe intend for you, onely for you.

Ilf. Honest *Butler*.

But. Now sir, she being but lately come to this Towne, and so neerely watcht by the jealous eyes of her friends, (she being a rich heyre) lest she should be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigall, or desperate-estated Spend-thrift, as you ha bin, sir.

Ilf. O, but that's past, *Butler*.

But. True, I know't, and intend now but to make use of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instruments.

Ilf. To helpe me to the Wench?

But. You ha hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose,

Ilf. Good.

But. Also concealing from them, the lodging, beautie, and riches of your new, but admirable Mistris.

Ilf. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know, either in envie of your good, or hope of their owne advancement, they'd make our labours knowne to the Gentlewomans Vnckles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

Ilf. Admi-

Ilf. Admirable, *Butler*.

But. Which done, all's but this, being as you shall be brought into her company; and by my praying your Vertues, you get possession of her love, one morning step to the Tower; or to make all sure, hire some stipendary Priest for Money; for Money in these dayes, what will not be done? And what will not a man doe for a rich wife? and with him, make no more adoe, but marry her in her Lodging; and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Ilf. Doe they not see us, doe they not see us? Let me kisse thee, let me kisse thee *Butler*: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requitall, and happinesse I can promise thee for't, shall be this, Ile be thy rich Master, and thou shalt carry my Purse.

But. Enough: meete mee at her lodging some halfe an houre hence: Harke, she lies—

Ilf. I ha't.

But. Fayle not.

Ilf. Will I live?

But. I will but shift off these two Rhinoceros.

Ilf. Wigans, Wigans, a couple of Guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wive them too, and be with you straight.

Ilf. Blest day: my love shall be thy cushion, honest *Butler*. *Ex.*

But. So; now to my t'other Gallants.

Went. O *Butler*, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnesse.

But. Why looke you? I had all this talke for your good.

Bart. Had'st?

But. For, you know the Knight is but a scurvy-proud, prating Prodigall, licentious, unnecessary—

Went. An Ass, an Ass, an Ass.

But. Now you heard mee tell him, I had three wenches in store!

Bart. And he would ha had them all, would he?

But. Heare me; tho hee may live to be an Oxe, hee had not now so much of the Goat in him, but onely hopes for one of the three when indeed I ha but two; and knowing you to be men of more, Vertue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Wen. We shall honour thee.

Bart. But how, *Butler*?

But. I am now going to their place of residence, scituate in the choysiest place of the Citie, at the signe of the *Wolfe*, just against
Gold-

Gold-smiths-row , where you shall meet me ; but aske not for me , onely walke too and fro : and to avoide suspicion , you may spend some conference with the Shop-keepers Wives ; they have seates built a purpose for such familiar entertainment ; where from a Bay window which is opposite, I will make you knowne to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you have.

Went. Bith'masse, mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire (as Women are soone won,) to make you be beloved ; where you shall first kisse , then wooc, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O Butler ?

But. Wenches, *bona robes* , blessed Beauties , without colour or counterfait. Away, put on your best cloathes , get you to the Barbers , curl up your haire , walke with the best strouts you can : you shall see more at the window, and I ha vow'd to make you—

Bart. Wilt thou ?

But. Both soles : and Ile want of my wit, but Ile doo't

Bart. We will live together as fellowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant Knaves : if I keepe you company.

O, the most wretched season of this time ;
These men, like Fish, doe swimme within one streame ;
Yet they'd eate one another, making no conscience
To drinke with them they'd poyson ; no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions , have controule,
But head-long run, like an unbiast Bowle :

Yet I will throw them on, but like to him

At play, knowes how to loose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborough.

Tho. Butler.

But. O, are you come , and fit as I appointed ? so, tis well,
You know your kues , and have instructions how to beare your
selves : All, all is fit , play but your part, your states from hence are
firme.

Exit.

Job. What shall I terme this Creature ? not a man,

Betwixt this, Butler leades Ilford in.

*Hee's not of mortalstemper, but hee's one,
Made all of goodnesse, tho of flesh and bone :*

O Brother, Brother, but for that honest man,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

*As nere to misery had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet strikes, is death.*

Tho. I, my shift of shirts, and change of cloathes, know't.

Iob. Weele tell of him like Bels, whose musicke rings
On Coronation day, for joy of Kings,
That hath preserv'd their steeples, not like towles,
That summons living teares, for the dead soules.

Enter Butler, and Ilford above.

But. Gods precious, see the hell Sir, even as you had new kist, and were about to court her, if her Vnckles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on the spite on't.

But. But tis no matter sir, stay you here in this upper chamber, and Ile stay beneath with her, tis tenne to one you shall heare them talke now of the greatnesse of her possessions, the care they have to see her well bestowed, the admirableness of her vertues; all which for all their comming, shall be but happinesse ordained for you, and by my meanes be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou't shift them away, and keepe me from the sight of them?

But. Have I not promist to make you?

Ilf. Thou hast.

But. Goe to then, rest here with patience, and be confident in my trust; onely in my absence, you may praise God for the blessednes you have to come, and say your prayers if you will, Ile but prepare her heart for entertainment of your love: dismisse them for your free accesse, and returne straight.

Ilf. Honest-blest-naturall-friend, thou dealest with mee like a brother, *Butler*: sure Heaven hath reserved this man to weare gray haire to doe mee good: now will I listen, listen close, to sucke in her Vnckles words with a rejoycing care.

Tho. As we were saying, Brother,
Where shall we finde a Husband for my Neece?

Ilf. Marry, shee shall find one here, tho you little know't,
Thanks honest *Butler*.

Iob. Shee is left rich in money, Plate, and Jewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my soule.

Tho. Hath all her Manner houses richly furnished.

Ilf. Good, good; Ile find employment for them.

But, within. Speake loud enough, that he may heare you.

Ioh. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeare.

Ilf. And that which my father hath left me, will make it about fiteene hundred: Admirable.

Ioh. In debt to no man: then must our naturall care be, As she is wealthy, to see her married well.

Ilf. And that she shall be, as well as the Priest can; He shall not leave out a word on't.

Tho. I thinke she has.—

Ilf. What, a Gods name?

Tho. About foure thousand pound in her great Chest.

Ilf. And Ile find a vent for't, I hope.

Ioh. She is vertuous, and she is faire.

Ilf. And she were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pish, pish.

Ioh. Come, weele goe visit her; but with this care, That to no spend-thrift we doe marry her.

Ilf. You may chance be deceived (old gray-beards) here's he will spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest *Butler*. Now doe I see the happinesse of my future estate, I walk me as to morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteene men in Livery cloakes after me, and step to the wall in some-chiefe street of the Citie, tho I ha no occasion to use it, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to mee; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne my aforesaid fourteene into two Pages, and two Coaches: I will get my selfe into grace at Court, run head-long into debt, and then looke scurvily upon the Citie, I will walke you into the Presence in the after-noone, having put on a richer sute than I wore in the morning, and call Boy, or Sirra: I will ha the grace of some great Lady, though I pay for't; and at the next Triumphs run at Tilt, that when I run my course, though I breake not my Lance, she may whisper to her selfe, looking upon my Jewell, Well run my Knight: I will now keepe great Horses, scorning to have a queane to keepe mee; indeed I will practise all the gallantrie in use; for by a Wife comes my happinesse.

Enter Butler.

But. Now Sir, you ha heard her Vncles, and how doe ye like them?

Ilf. O *Butler*, they ha made good thy words, & I am ravisht with the.

But. And having scene, and kist the Gentlewoman, how doe you like her?

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Ilf. O *Butler*, beyond discourse, shee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a fit implement for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and by my meanes, shee shall like you: Nothing rests now, but to have you married.

Ilf. True *Butler*, but withall to have her portion.

But. Tut, that's sure yours when you are married once, for tis hers by inheritance: but doe you love her?

Ilf. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much?

Ilf. To thee, to her, and ha cald heaven to witnes.

But. How shall I know that?

Ilf. *Butler*, here I protest, make vowes irrevocable.

But. Vpon your knees?

Ilf. Vpon my knees, with my heart and soule I love her:

But. Will live with her?

Ilf. Will live with her.

But. Marrie her, and maintaine her?

Ilf. Marry her, and maintaine her.

But. For her, forsake all other women?

Ilf. Nay, for her, forswear all other women.

But. In all degrees of love?

Ilf. In all degrees of Love; either to court, kisse, give private favours, or use private meanes; He doe nothing that married men being close whore-masters doe, so I may have her.

But. And yet you having beene an open Whore-master, I will not beleve you, till I heare you sweare as much in the way of contract, to her selfe, and call mee to be a witnesse.

Ilf. By Heaven, by Earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may have her.

But. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women sweare,

When such Oaths broke, heaven grieves, and sheds a teare:

But shee's come, ply her, ply her.

Enter Scarboroughs sister.

Ilf. Kind Mistris, as I protested, so againe I vow; yfaith I love you.

Sist. And I am not Sir, so uncharitable,

To hate the man that loves mee.

Ilf. Love mee then,

The which loves you, as Angels love good men;

Who wisheth them to live with them for ever,

In that high blisse, whom Hell cannot dis sever.

But.

The Miseries of infaust Marriage:

But. He steale away, and leave them, as wise men doe,
Whom they would match, let them have leave to wooe. Exit.

Ilf. Mistris, I know your worth is beyond my desert, yet by my
praising of your vertues, I would not have you, as women use to
doe, become proud.

Sist. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to them.

Ilf. Can you love me then?

Sist. I can, for I love all the world; but am in love with none.

Ilf. Yet be in love with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules,
Like Turtles, have a mutuall sympathy,
Who love so well, that they together die:
Such is my life, who covets to expire,
If it should loose your love.

Sist. May I beleeve you?

Ilf. Introth you may:

Your life's my life, your death my dying day.

Sist. Sir, the commendations I have received from *Butler*, of
your Birth and Worth, together with the Judgment of mine owne
eye, bids me beleeve, and love you.

Ilf. O seale it with a kisse:

Blest houre, my life had never joy till this.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley beneath.

Bart. Here-about is the house sure.

Went. We cannot mistake it, for here's the signe of the *V* Wolfe
and the Bay-window. *Enter Butler above.*

But. *V*What so close? Tis well, I have shifted away your *V*ncles,
Mistris: But see the spite, Sir *Francis*, if yon same couple of smel-
smockes, *Wentloe* and *Bartley*, ha not sented after us.

Ilf. A pox on'em, what shall we doe then, *Butler*?

But. What, but be married straight man?

Ilf. I but how, *Butler*?

But. Tut, I never faile at a dead list;
For to perfect your blisse, I have provided you a Priest.

Ilf. Where? Prethee *Butler*, where?

But. Where but beneath in her chamber? I ha fil'd his hands with
Coyne, and he shall tie you fast with words, he shall close your hands
in one, and then do clap your selfe into her sheets, and spare not.

Ilf. O sweet.

Exit Ilford with Sister.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

But. Downe, downe, 'tis the onely way for you to get up.
Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And she kind Gentlewoman, weds her selfe,
Having beene scarcely woo'd, and ere her thoughts
Have learn'd to love him, that being her Husband,
She may releev her brothers in their wants ;
She marries him to helpe her nearest kinne,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut, it is scurvey walking for us so neere the two Counters :
would he would come once.

Bart. Masse hee's yonder : Now *Butler.*

But. O gallants, are you here ? I ha done wonders for you , com-
mended you to the Gentlewomen, who having taken note of your
good legs, and good faces, have a liking to you , meet me beneath.

Both. Happy *Butler.*

Exit Wentloe, and Bartley.

But. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say.
By this they are wedded , I, and perhaps have bedded.

Now followes whether (knowing she is poore)

Heele sweare he lov'd her, as he swore before.

Exit. But.

A C T V S V.

Enter Ilford, with Scarboroughes sister:

Ilf. Ha Sirrha, who would ha thought it ? I perceiv now a wo-
man may be a Mayd , be married, and loose her Mayden-head, and
all in halfe an houre : and how dost like me now, Wench ?

Sist. As doth besit your servant, and your wife,
That owe you love, and dutie all my life.

Ilf. And there shall be no love lost, nor service neither, Ile doe
thee service at boord , and thou shalt doe me service at bed : Now
must I as young married men use to doe, kisse my portion out of my
young wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigsnny, my
play-fellow, my prety prety any thing ; come a busse prethee, so
'tis my kind heart, and wats thou what now ?

Sist. Not till you tell me, Sir.

Ilf. I ha got thee with child in my conscience, and like a kinde
Husband, methinks I breed it for thee. For I am already sicke at
my stomacke, and long extremely. Now must thou be my helpe-
full

full Physician, and provide for me.

Sist. Even to my blood,

What's mine, is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

Ilf. What a kinde soule is this? could a man have found a greater content in a wife, if he should ha sought thorow the world for her? Prethee heart, as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and me thinks thy first child will be borne without a nose, if I loose my longing, 'tis but for a trifle too, yet me thinks it will doe me no good, unlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy Keyes my selfe, goe into thy closet, and reade over the Deeds and Evidences of thy Land, and in reading over them, rejoyce I had such blest fortune to have so faire a wife, with so much endowment; and then open thy Chests, and survey thy Plate, Jewels, treasure: But a pox on't, all will do me no good, unlesse thou effect it for me.

Sist. Sir I will shew you all the wealth I have,
Of Coyne, of Jewels, and Possessions.

Ilf. Good gentle heart, Ile give thee another busse for that; for that, give thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand; doe thou but dreame what stufte, and what fashion thou wilt have it on, to night.

Sist. The land I can endow you with, is my Love:
The riches I possesse for you is Love:

*A Treasure greater than is Land or Gold;
It cannot be forfeit, and it shall nere be sold.*

Ilf. Love, I know that, and Ile answer thee Love for Love in abundance. but come, prethee come, lets see these Deedes and Evidences; this Money, Plate, and Jewels: wilt ha thy Child borne without a nose? If thou beest so carelesse, spare not: why my little frappet you, I heard thy Vncles talke of thy Riches, that thou hast hundreds a yeare, severall Lordships, Manner-Houses, Thousands of Pounds in your great Chest; Jewels, Plate, and Rings, in your little Boxe.

Sist. And for that Riches, you did marry me?

Ilf. Troth I did, as now adayes Batchelers doe, sweare I lov'd thee; but indeed married thee for thy wealth.

Sist. Sir, I beseech you, say not your Oathes were such,
So like false Coyne, being put unto the touch;
*Who beare a flourish in the outward show
Of a true stampe, but indeed are not so:*

You swore to me, I gavethelike to you:
Then as a Ship being wedded to the Sea,
Does either saile, or sinke, even so must I:
You being the Haven, to which my Hopes must flie.

Ilf. True Chucke, I am thy Heaven, and Harbor too,
And like a Ship I tooke thee, who brings home Treasure,
As thou to mee, the Merchant-Venturer.

Sist. What Riches I am ballast with, are yours.

Ilf. That's kindly said, now.

Sist. If but with Sand, as I am but with Earth,
Being your right of right, you must receive me:
I ha no other lading, but my Love;

Which in abundance I will render you:

If other freight you doe expect my store,

Ile pay you Teares; my Riches are no more.

Ilf. How's this? how's this? I hope you doe but jest.

Sist. I am sister to decayed *Scarborow*.

Ilf. Ha?

Sist. Whose substance your inticements did consume.

Ilf. Worse than an Ague.

Sist. Which as you did beleeve, so they supposed,
Twas fitter for your selfe, than for another,
To keepe the Sister, had undone the Brother.

Ilf. I am guld by this hand: An old Conni-catcher, and beguil'd:
Where the pox now are my two Coaches, choise of Houses, sever-
rall Sutes; a plague on them, and I know not what? Doe you
heare Puppet, doe you thinke you shall not be damned for this,
to cozen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into
Matrimony with a man whether he will or no with you: I ha made
a faire match yfaith; will any man buy my commoditie out of my
hand? As God save me, he shall have her for halfe the money she
cost mee.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley.

Went. O, ha we met you, Sir?

Bart. What, turn'd Micher, steale a wife, and not make your
old friends acquainted with it?

Ilf. A pox on her: I would you had her.

Went. Well, God give you joy: we can heare of your good fortune
now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it afore-hand.

Bart. As

Bart. As that you have two thousand pounds a yeare.

Went. Two or three Manner-houses.

Bart. A Wife, faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ilf. Pretie yfaith, very pretie.

Went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in abundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many Oxen, that their hornes are able to store all the Cuckolds in your Countrey.

Ilf. Doe not make me mad, good Gent. doe not make me mad: I could be made a Cuckold-with more patience, than indure this.

Went. Foh, we shall have you turne proud now, Grow respectlesse of your ancient acquaintance:

Why *Butler* told us of it, who was the maker of the match for you.

Ilf. A pox of his furtherance. Gentlemen, as you are Christians, vexe me no more: that I am married, I confesse; a plague of the Fates, that Wedding and Hanging comes by Destiny: but for the riches she has brought, beare witnessse how Ile reward her.

Sist. Sir.

Kickes her.

Ilf. Whore; I, and Iade, Witch, Ill-fac't, Stinking-breath, Crooked-nose, worse than the Devill; and a plague on thee that ever I saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. What's the meaning of all this? Is this the maske after thy marriage?

Ilf. O Gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a whore; hated all she-creatures, faire and poore; swore I would never marry, but to one that was rich, and to be thus conni-catcht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

Went. Why your wife, who should it be else?

Ilf. That's my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proves to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly *Scarborow*.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

Ilf. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I, for't.

Bart. Nay, doe not weepe.

Went. He dus but counterfeit now, to delude us: he has all

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

her portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Jewels; and now dissembles thus, lest we should borrow some money of him.

Ilf. And you be kind Gentlemen, lend me some; for having paid the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will hire me a Horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld, infaith?

Ilf. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head?

Went. Why then, by her brothers setting on, in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to by the death of thy Father; and that he hath spent her portion, and his owne possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her; and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

Ilf. Nay, that's without question; but Ile be revenged of'em both. For you minxe: nay Sfoot, give'em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

Ilf. Sweete with a pox, you stinke in my nose: give me your Jewels: Nay, Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

Ilf. Out of my sight; I, and out of my doores: for now, what's within this house is mine: and for your brother,

He made this match, in hope to doe you good:

And I weare this, for which, shall draw his blood.

Went. A brave resolution.

Exit with Went, and Bartley.

Bart. In which weele second thee.

Ilf. Away, Whore; Out of my doores Whore.

Sist. O grieffe, that povertie should ha that power to teare Men from themselves, tho they wed, bed, and sweare.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborough, with Butler.

Tho. How now Sister?

Sist. Vndone, undone.

But. Why Mistris, How ist? how ist?

Sist. My Husband hath forsooke me.

But. O perjurie.

Sist. Has tane my Jewels, and my Bracelets from me.

Th. Vengeance, I plaid the thecke for the money that bought'em.

Sist. Left me distrest, and thrust me forth of doores.

Tho. Damnation on him, I will heare no more;

But for his wrong revenge me on my brother,

Degenerate,

The Miseries of inferst Marriage.

*Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
He spent our portion, and Ile see his fall.*

Job. O, but good brother.

Tho. Perswade me not,

*All hopes are shipwraçt, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him, is frustrate,
All meanes, all maintenance (but grieße) is gone:
And all shall end by his destruction.*

Exit.

*Job. Ile follow and prevent, what in this heat may happen,
His want makes sharpe his Sword; too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill,*

Exit.

But. And what will you doe, Mistris?

*Sist. Ile sit me downe, sigh loud instead of words,
And wound my selfe with grieße, as they with swords:
And for the sustenance that I shouldeate,
Ile feed on grieße; tis woes best relisht meate.*

*But. Good heart, I pitie you,
You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,
I have the poore Serving-mans allowance,
Twelve-pence a day to buy me sustenance,
One meale a day Ile eate, the other fast,
To give your wants reliefe: And Mistris,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thinne cheekes, ere you shall ha wet eyes.*

Exeunt.

Enter Scarborough.

*What is a Prodigall? Faith like a Brush,
That weares himselfe, to flourish others cloathes,
And having worne his heart even to the stumpe,
Hee's throwne away like a deformed lumpe:
Oh such am I, I ha spent all the wealth,
My ancestors did purchase, made others brave
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knave.
For tho my wealth rais'd some to paint their doore,
Tis shut against me, saying, I am but poore:
Nay, even the greatest arme, whose hand hath grac't
My presence to the eye of Majesty, shrinks backe,
His fingers clutch, and like to lead.
They are heavy to raise up my state, being dead:*

The Miseries of infort Marriage.

By which I finde, Spend-thrifts, (and such am I,)
Like Strumpets flourish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter Thomas Scarborough.

Tho. Turne, draw, and die; I come to kill thee.

Scar. What's he that speakes like sicknesse? Oh ist you?
Sleepe still, you cannot moove me: fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury flakes so, or my blood
Can coole it selfe, to temper by refusall:
Turne, or thou diest.

Scar. Away.

Tho. I doe not wish to kill thee like to slaves,
That tap men in their cups, and broch their hearts,
Ere with a warning peece they have wak't their eares:
*I would not like to powder, shoot thee downe
To a flat grave, ere thou hast thought to frowne:*
I am no Coward, but in manly termes,
And fairest oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceeds this heat?

Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villaine

Scar. Ha.

Tho. Ile holloe it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villaine hast undone thy Brothers.

Scar. Would thou wert not so neere me: Yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes, make us a kinne,
As neere as are these hands, or sinne to sinne.
Draw, and defend thy selfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou wert not my Brother.

Tho. I disclaime thee.

Scar. Are we not off-spring of one parent, wretch?

Tho. I doe forget it, pardon me the dead,
I should deny the paines you bid for me
My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My lives revenues, that our parents purchast.

Scar. O doe not wracke me with remembrance on't.

Tho. Thou hast made my life a begger in this world,

And

The Miseries of inforced Marriage:

And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath:
*Thou hast bin so bad, the best that I can give,
Thou art a Devill, not with men to live.*

Scar. Then take a Devils payment.

*Here they make a passe one upon another, when at Scarboroughs
back comes-in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.*

Ilf. He's here, draw Gentlemen.

Went. Bar. Die Scarborough.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How, set upon by three? S'f'ut feare not brother: you Cowards, three to one? Slaves, worse than Fensers that weare long weapons: You shall bee fought withall, you shall bee fought withall.

*Here the Brothers joyne, drive the rest out,
and returne.*

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now have bin
A patron of my life, forget the sinne
I pray you, which my loose and wastfull hours,
Have made against your Fortunes; I repent'em,
And wish I could new joyn't and strength your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne;
I have a many finnes, the thought of which
Like finish't Needles, pricke me to the soule,
But find your wrongs, to have the sharpest point.
*If Penitence your losses might repaire,
You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.*

Tho. I doe beleeeve you sir; but I must tell you,
Evils the which are gainst another done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feeles the smart. Out Father, sir,
Left in your trust, my Portion; you ha spent it,
And suffered me (whilst you in ryots house,
A drunken Taverne, spil'd my maintenance
Perhaps upon the ground, with over-flowne Cups;) *)*
Like Birds in hardest Winter halfe-starv'd, to flie

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

And picke up any food, least I should die.

Scar. I prethee, let us be at peace together.

Tho. At peace, for what? for spending my Inheritance?
By yonder Sunne, that every soule hath life by,
As sure as thou hast life, Ile fight with thee.

Scar. Ile not be moov'd unto't.

Tho. Ile kill thee then, wert thou now clasp't
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.

Scar. Would'st homicide? art so degenerate?
Then let my blood grow hot.

Tho. For it shall coole.

Scar. To kill rather than be kil'd, is man-hoods rule.

Enter John Scarborough.

Iob. Stay, let not your wraths meete.

Tho. Hart, what mak'st thou here?

Iob. Say, who are you? or you? Are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other? Are you not Brothers?

Tho. I renounce him.

Scar. Shalt not need.

Tho. Give way.

Scar. Have at thee.

Iob. Who stirres? which of you both, hath strength within his arme,
To wound his owne brest? who's so desperate,
To dam himselfe, by killing of himselfe?
Are you not both one flesh?

Tho. Hart give me way.

Scar. Be not a barre betwixt us, or by my sword
Ile meete thy grave out.

Iob. O doe, for Gods sake doe:
Tis happy death, if I may die, and you
Not murder one another: O doe but harken,
When dus the Sunne and Moone, borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earth-quakes in mens hearts?
When any Starre prodigiouly appeares,
Tels it not fals of Kings, or fatall yeares?
And then, if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,

Sinne growes so high, tis time the world should sinke?

Scar. My heart growes coole againe; I wish it not.

Tho. Stop not my furie, or by my life I sweare,
I will reveale the robbery we ha done,
And take revenge on thee.

That hinders me to take revenge on him.

Ioh. I yeeld to that; but nere consent to this:
I shall then die, as mine owne sinne affords.

Fall by the Law, not by my Brothers swords.

Tho. Then by that light that guides me, here I vow,
He straight to St. *Iohn Harcop*, and make knowne
We were the two that rob'd him.

Ioh. Prethee doe.

Tho. Sinne has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due.

Exit.

Ioh. Thus have I shewne the nature of a Brother,
Tho you have prov'd unnaturall to me.

He's gone in heate to publish out the theft,
Which want, and your unkindnes, forst us to:

If now I die, that death, and publicke shame,

Is a Corsive to your soule, blot to your name.

Exit.

Scar. O tis too true, there's not a thought I thinke

But must partake thy grieve, and drinke

A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.

With weight of others teares I am ore-borne;

That scarce am *Atlas* to hold up mine owne,

And all too good for me; A happy Creature

In my Cradle, and have made my selfe

The common curse of man-kind, by my life:

Vndone my Brothers, made them theeves for bread:

And begot pretty Children, to live beggers.

O Conscience, how thou art stung to thinke upon't.

My Brothers unto shame, must yeeld their blood:

My Babes at other Stirrops begge their food;

Or else turne Theeves too, and be choak't for't,

Die a Dogs death, be pearch't upon a Tree;

Hang'd betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither:

The curse of heaven, that's due to reprobates,

Descends upon my Brothers, and my Children,

And I am Parent to it; I, I am Parent to it.

Enter

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you, Sir?

Scar. Why starest thou, what's thy haste?

But. Here's fellowes swarme like Flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes, I thinke Sir, for they come with stings in their mouthes; and their tongues are turn'd to teeth too: They claw villanously; they have eate up your honest name, and honourable Reputation by railing against you: and now they come to devoure your possessions.

Scar. In plainer Enargy, what are they? speake:

But. Mantichoras, monstrous beastes, enemies to man-kinde, that ha double rowes of teeth in their mouthes; they are Vfurers, they come yawning for Money; and the Sheriffe with them, is come to serve an extent upon your Land, and then cease on your body by force of Execution: they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the rooffe our Ancestors did build
For their Sonnes comfort, and their Wives for Charitie,
I dare not to looke out at.

But. Besides Sir, here's your poore Children.

Scar. Poore Children they are indeed.

But. Come with Fire and Water: Teares in their eyes, and burning grieffe in their hearts, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow upon sorrow:
Tell me, are my Brothers gone to execution,
For what I did? for every haynous sinne,
Sits on his soule, by whom it did beginne:
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My Children cary moysture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say, Father, thus must we
Aske our reliefe, or die with infamie;
For you ha made us beggers. Yet when thy tale has kil'd me,
To give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done, by Infort Marriage:
My Grave will then be welcome.

But. What shall we doe, Sir?

Scar. Doe as the Divell dus; hate Panther-like man-kind:

And

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

And yet I lie; for Divels sinners love,
When men hate men, tho good, like some above.

Enter Scarborowes wife Katharine, with two Children.

But. Your wife's come in Sir.

Scar. Thou lyeſt, I have not a wife: None can be cal'd
True Man and Wife, but thoſe whom Heaven inſtald. Say.

Kath. O my deare Husband.

Scar. You are very welcome: peace, wee le ha complement.
Who are you Gentlewoman?

Kath. Sir, your diſtreſſed wife; and theſe your Children.

Scar. Mine? Where? how begot?

Proove me by certaine inſtance that's divine,
That I ſhould call them lawfull, or thee mine?

Kath. Were wee not married, Sir?

Scar. No; tho wee heard the words of Ceremony:
But had hands knit as Fellons that weare fetters
Forſt upon them. For tell me woman,
Did ere my Love with ſighs intreate thee thine?
Did ever I in willing conference,
Speake words made halfe with teares, that I did love thee?
Or was I ever, but glad to ſee thee as all Lovers are?
No, no; thou knowſt I was not.

Kath. O me!

But. The more's the pitie.

Scar. But when I came to Church, I did there ſtand
All water, whoſe forſt breath had drown'd my Land,
Are you my wife, or theſe my children?
Why, tis impoſſible: for like the ſkies,
Without the Sunnes light, ſo looke all your eyes;
Darke, Clowdy, thicke, and full of heavineſſe,
Within my Countrey, there was hope to ſee
Me and my iſſues to be like our fathers,
Upholders of our Countrey, all our life,
which ſhould ha bin, if I had wed a wife:

Where now,

As dropping leaves in Autumne you looke all,
And I that ſhould uphold you, like to fall.

Kath. Twas, nor ſhall be my fault, Heaven beare me witneſſe.

Scar. Thou lyeſt; ſtrumpet thou lyeſt:

But. O Sir.

Scar. Peace sawcie Iacke, Strumpet I say, thou lyeſt,
For Wife of mine thou art not, and theſe thy Baſtards
Whom I begot of thee, with this unreſt,
That Baſtards borne, are borne not to be bleſt.

Kat. On me powre all your wrath, but not on them.

Scar. On thee, and them for 'tis the end of luſt,
To ſcourge it ſelfe, heaven lingring to be juſt.

Harlot.

Kat. Husband.

Scar. Baſtards.

Child. Father.

But. What heart not pitties this?

Sca. Even in your cradle, you were accurſt of heaven,
Thou an Adultreſſe in my married armes:
And they that made the match, Bawds to thy luſt:
I, now you hang the head, ſhouldſt ha done ſo before,
Then theſe had not been Baſtards, thou a Whore.

But. I can brook't no longer: Sir, you doe not well in this.

Scar. Ha ſlave.

But. 'Tis not the ayme of Gentry to bring forth,
Such harſh unrelight fruit unto their wives,
And to their prety, prety children by my troth.

Scar. How rascal?

But. Sir, I muſt tell you, your Progenitors,
Two of the which theſe yeares were ſervant to,
Had not ſuch miſts before their underſtanding,
Thus to behave themſelves.

Scar. And youle controule me, Sir?

But. I, I will.

Scar. You Rogue.

But. I, 'tis I will tell you, 'tis ungently done,
Thus to defame your wife, abuſe your children:
Wrong them, you wrong your ſelfe; are they not yours?

Scar. Prety, prety impudence, in faith.

But. Her whom you are bound to love, to raile againſt?
Theſe whom you are bound to keepe, to ſpurne like dogs?
And you were not my maſter, I would tell you.

Scar. What slave?

But. Put up your Bird-spit: tut, I feare it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vile as these,
'Tis but a kna, kna, kna. —

Scar. Rogue.

But. Tut, howsoever, 'tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these, I throw-off dutie.

Kat. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say y'are wrong'd,
Proove it upon him, even in his Blood, his Bones,
His Guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrailes.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore.

But. 'Tis better than a knave of three and twenty.

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villains blood:
You Knave, Slave, Trencher-groome,
Who is your Master?

But. You, if you were a Master.

Scar. Off with your coat, then get you forth adores

But. My Coat, Sir?

Scar. I, your Coat, Slave.

But. Sfoot, when you ha't, 'tis but a thred-bare coat;
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Livery is so worthy borne,
And lives so base a life, old as I am,
Ile rather be a Beggar, than your man:
And there's your service for you.

Scar. Away, out of my doore: away.
So, now your Champion's gone.
Minx, thou hadst better have gone quick to thy grave.

Kat. O me! that am no cause of it.

Scar. Then have subornd that Slave to lift his hand against me.

Kat. O mee! what shall become of me?

Scar. Ile teach you trickes for this: ha you a Companion?

Enter Butler.

But. My heart not suffers mee to leave my honest Mistris, and her
prety Children.

Scar. Ile marke thee for a Strumpet, and thy Bastards.

The Miseries of inforst Marriage:

But. What will you doe to them, sir?

Scar. The Divell in thy shape? come backe againe?

But. No, but an honest Servant, sir, will take this Coat,
And weare it with this Sword, to safegard these,

And pity them: and I am woe for you too;

But will not suffer

The Husband Viper-like to prey on them

That love him, and have cherisht him, as these

And they, have you.

Scar. Slave.

But. I will out-humour you,

Fight with you, and lose my life, or these

Shall taste no wrong, whom you are bound to love.

Scar. Out of my doores, slave.

But. I will not, but will stay and weare this Coat,

And doe you service whether you will or no:

Ile weare this Sword too, and be Champion,

To fight for her, in spight of any man.

Scar. You shall: you shall be my Master, sir.

But. No, I desire it not,

Ile pay you duty even upon my knee:

But lose my life, ere these opprest Ile see.

Scar. Yes, Goodman slave, you shall be Master,

Lie with my wife, and get more bastards. Do, do, do.

Kat. O mee!

Scar. Turnes the World upside downe,

That Men orebeare their Masters? It does, it does:

For even as *Indas* sold his Master *Christ*,

Men buy and sell their wives at highest price:

What will you give me? What will you give me?

What will you give mee?

Exit.

But. O Mistris, my soule weepes, tho mine eyes be dry,

To see his fall, and your adversitie:

Some meanes I have left, which Ile relieve you with:

Into your Chamber, and if Comfort be a kinne

To such great griefe, comfort your Children.

Kath. I thanke thee, Butler; Heaven when he please,

Send death unto the troubled, a blest ease. *Exit with children.*

But. In-

The Miseries of inforced Marriage.

But. Introth I know not if it bee good or ill,
That with this endlesse toyle I labour thus :
Tis but the old times ancient Conscience,
That would do no man hurt, that makes me doo't :
If it be sinne that I doe pitie these,
If it be siane I have reliev'd his Brothers,
Have plaid the thiefe with them to get their food,
And made a lucklesse marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heaven pardon mee;
But if so, I'me sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were unhappy men ;
For they caus'd all : and may heaven pardon them.

Enter Sir William Scarborough.

Sir Will. Who's within here?

But. *Sir William,* kindly welcome.

Sir Will. Where is my kinsman *Scarborow*?

But. Sooth, hee's within Sir, but not very well.

Sir Will. His sicknesse?

But. The hell of sicknesse : troubled in his minde.

Sir Will. I gesse the cause of it ;

But cannot now intend to visit him.

Great businesse for my Soveraigne hastes me hence :

Onely this Letter from his Lord and Guardian to him,

Whose inside (I doe gesse) tends to his good,

At my returne Ile see him : so farewell. *Exit.*

But. Whose inside (I doe gesse) turnes to his good.

Hee shall not see it now then ; for mens mindes

Perplext like his, are like Land-troubling-windes.

Who have no gracious temper.

Enter Iohn Scarborough.

Iohn. O *Butler.*

But. What's the fright now?

Ioh. Helpe straight, or on the tree of shame,

Wee both shall perish for the robbery.

But. What ist reveal'd, man?

Ioh. Not yet good *Butler,* onely my Brother *Thomas*
In spleene to me, that would not suffer him

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

To kill our elder Brother had undone us,
Is riding now to Sir *John Harcop* straight, to disclose it.

But. Heart, who would robbe with sucklings?
Where did you leave him?

John. Now taking Horse to ride to York shire.

But. Ile stay his journey, lest I meet a hanging.

Exeunt.

Enter Scarborough.

Scar. Ile parley with the Devill: I, I will,
He gives his counsell freely; and the cause
He for his Clients pleads, goes alwaies with them:
He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him,
Whether a Cormorant may have stufte Chests,
And see his Brother starve? why, heele say, I,
The lesse they give, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their soules, their soules, their soules.
How now Master? Nay, you are my Master:
Is my wives sheets warme? Does shee kisse well?

But. Good Sir.

Scar. Foh, mak't not strange, for in these dayes,
There's many men lie in their masters sheets;
And so may you in mine, and yet, Your businesse, sir?

But. Theres one in civill habit, sir, would speake with you:

Scar. In civill habite?

But. He is of seemely ranke, sir, and calls himselfe
by the name of Doctor *Baxter* of Oxford.

Scar. That man undid me; he did blossomes blow,
Whose fruit prov'd poyson, tho't was good in show:
With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wilde phrensie, that becomes me not.
A Table, Candles, Stooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,
With our sad conference we will call up teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeares:
Vsher him in:
Heaven spare a drop from thence, where's bounties throng,
Give patience to my soule, inflame my tongue.

Enter

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good Master *Scarborow*.

Scar. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doct. I have important businesse to deliver you.

Scar. And I have leasure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Scar. I know you did, Sir.

Doc. At which you promised both to God and men
Your life unto your Spouse should be like snow,
That falls to comfort, and not to overthrow:
And love unto your issue should be like
The deaw of heaven, that hurts not, tho it strike,
When heaven and men did witness: and record,
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word:
Heaven being pleas'd therewith, blest you with children
And at heavens blessings, all good men rejoyce.
So that Gods Chaire and Footstool, heaven and earth,
Made offering at your Nuptials, as a knot,
To minde you of your vow; O breake it not.

Scar. Tis very true.

Doct. Now sir, from this your Oath and Band,
Faiths pledge, and seale of conscience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Justice hath now in suit against your soule,
Angels are made the Jurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you tooke, and God himselfe,
Maker of Marriage, he that seald the deed,
As a firme Lease unto you, during life,
Sits now as Judge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voice,
If such sinnes raigne, what Mortals can reioyce.

Scar. What then ensues to mee?

Doct. A heavy doome, whose executions
Now serv'd upon your Conscience, that ever
You shall feele plagues, which time shal not dissever;
As in a Map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oathes, and all the iniuries,
You ha done unto your soule; then comes your Wife,

The Miseries of inforst Marriage.

Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pity :
Who tho she speakes not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings : and then your children .

Scar. Oh,oho, ho.

Doct. Who, what they cannot say, talke in their lookes ;
You have made us up but as mis-fortunes Bookes,
Whom other men may reade in, when presently,
Taskt by your selfe, you are not like a thiefe,
Astonied being accus'd ; but scorcht with griefe.

Scar. I, I, I.

Doc. Here stands your wives teares.

Scar. Where ?

Doc. And you fry for them: here lie your childrens wants.

Scar. Heere ?

Doc. For which you pine, in conscience burne,
And wish you had been better, or nere borne.

Scar. Does all this happen to a wretch like mee ?

Doct. Both this, and worse : your soule eternally
Shall live in torment, tho the body die.

Scar. I shall ha need of drinke then, *Butler.*

Doct. Nay, all your sinnes are on your Children laid,
For the offences that the Father made.

Scar. Are they sir ?

Doc. Be sure they are.

Scar. *Butler?*

Enter Butler.

But. Sir ?

Scar. Goe, fetch my wife and children hither.

But. I will Sir.

Scar. Ile reade a Lecture to the Doctor too, hee's a Divine ;
I, hee's a Divine.

But. I see his minde is troubled, and have made bold with duty to
reade a Letter tending to his good, have made his brothers friends:
Both which I will conceale till better temper.

He sends me for his wife and children ; shall I fetch them ?

Scar. Hee's a Divine ; and this Divine did marry mee :
That's good, that's good.

Doc. Master *Scarborow.*

Scar. Ile be with you straight, Sir.

But. I

But. I will obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heaven beare me record, tis against *Butlers* will.

Scar. And this Divine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,
As Gods Embassadour : Deliver, deliver, deliyer.

Doct. Master *Scarborow*.

Scar. Ile be with you straight, sir :
Salvation to afflicted Consciencs,
And not give torment to contented minds,
Who should be Lampes to comfort out our way,
And not like Fire-drakes, to lead men astray :

I, Ile be with you straight, Sir : *Enter Butler.*

But. Here's your wife and children, sir .

Scar. Give way then ;
I ha my Lesson perfect : leave us here.

But. Yes, I will goe ; but I will be so neere,
To hinder that mishap, the which I feare.

Doct. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman ?
Kind Mistris *Scarborow*.

Scar. Nay, pray you keep your seat ; for you shal heare.
The same affliction you ha taught me, feare,
Due to your selfe.

Doct. To me, Sir ?

Scar. To you, sir :
You matcht me to this Gentlewoman.

Doct. I know I did, sir.

Scar. And you will say she is my wife, then.

Doct. I ha reason, sir ; because I married you.

Scar. O, that such tongues should ha the time to lie
Who teach men how to live, and how to die :
Did not you know my soule had given my Faith
In contract to another ; and yet you
Would ioyne this Looe unto unlawfull Twistes.

Doct. Sir.

Scar. But sir : you that can see a mote within my eye,
And with a Cassocke, blinde your owne defects,
Ile teach you this, tis better to doe ill,

That's never knowne to us, then of selfe will :

*And these, all these, in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life, make 'em be glad to die.*

Doct. Master Scarborow.

Scar. Here will I write, that they which marry wives
Vnlawfull, live with Strumpets all their lives.
Here will I seale, the children that are borne
From wombes unconsecrate, even when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are foule,
And shrinckes to dwell with them, and in my close,
Ile shew the world, that such abortive men,
Knit hands, without free tongues, looke red like them :
Stand you, and you, to acts most Tragicall,
Heaven has drie eyes, when sin makes sinners fall.

Doct. Helpe Master Scarborow.

Child. Father.

Kath. Husband.

Scar. These for thy act should die, she for my *Clare,*
Whose wounds stare thus upon me for revenge.
These to berid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy selfe shalt have a push amongst 'em,
That made heavens word a packe-horse to thy tongue.
Quotest Scripture to make evill shine like good,
*And as I send you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it, as a deed done well.*

Enter But.

But. Stay him, stay him.

What will you doe, sir ?

Scar. Make fat wormes of stinking carkasses,
What hast thou to doe with it ?

Enter Ilford & his wife, the two Brothers, and sir

William Scarborow.

But. Looke who are here, sir.

Scar. Iniurious villen, that preventst me still.

But. They are your brothers and allyance, sir.

Sca. They are like ful ordnance then, who once discharged
A farre off give warning to my soule,
That I have done them wrong.

Sir Will. Kinsman.

Brother

Brother and Sister. Brother.

Kath. Husband.

Child. Father.

Scar. Harke how their words like Bullets shoot me thorow;
And tell, I have undon'em: this side might say,
We are in want, and you are the cause of it.

This points at me, y're shame unto your house:

This tongue saies nothing, but her lookes doe tell,

Shees married but as those that live in hell:

Whereby all eyes are but misfortunes pipe,

Fild full of woe by mee: this feeles the stripe.

But. Yet looke Sir,

Heere's your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knit so.

Wife. And looke sir, heeres my husbands hand in mine,

And I reioyce in him, and he in me.

Sir Will. I say, Cuz, what's past, is the way to blisse,
For they know best to mend, that know amisse.

Kath. We kneele: forget, and say, if you but love us,
You gave us grieffe, for future happinesse.

Scar. What's all this to my Conscience?

But. Ease, promise of succeeding ioy to you:

Reade but this Letter.

Sir Will. VWhich tells you, that your Lord and Guardian's dead.

But. VWhich tells you that he knew he did you wrong,
VWas grieved for't, and for satisfaction,
Hath given you double of the wealth you had.

Bro. Inereast our Portions.

Wife. Given me a Dowry too.

But. And that he knew,

Your sinne was his, the punishment his due.

Scar. All this is heere:

Is heaven so gracious to sinners then?

But. Heaven is, and has his gracious eyes,
To give men life, not like intrapping spies.

Scar. Your hand, yours, yours; to you my soule, to you a kisse;
In troth I am sorry I ha strayd amisse:
To whom shall I be thankfull? All silent?
None speake? whist: why then to God,

That gives men Comfort, as he gives his Rod:
Your Portions Ile see paid, and I will love you:
You three Ile live withall: my soule shall love you:
You are an honest servant, sooth you are:
To whom; I, these, and all must pay amends;
But you, I will admonish in coole termes,
*Let not promotions hope, be as a string,
To tie your tongue, or let it loose to sting.*

Doct. From hence, it shall not, sir.

Scar. Then husbands thus shall norish with their wives. *Kisse.*

Ilf. As thou and I will, wench.

Scar. Brothers in brotherly love, thus linke together. *Imbrace.*

Children and servants pay their duty, thus: *Bow and kneele.*

And all are pleas'd?

All. VVe are.

Scar. Then if all these be so,

I am new wed, so ends old Marriage:

And in your eyes, so lovingly being wed,

We hope your hands will bring us to our Bed.

F I N I S.
